



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

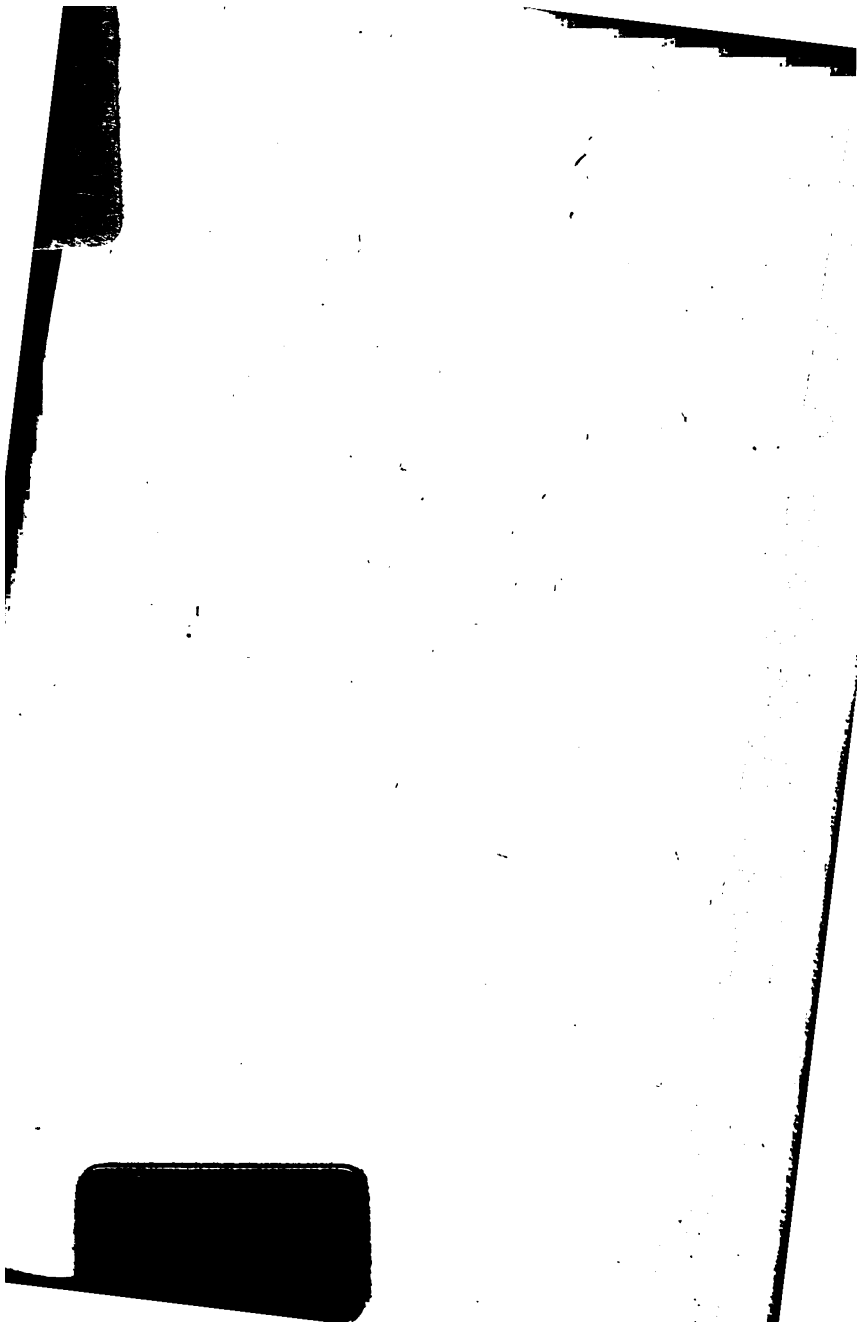
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

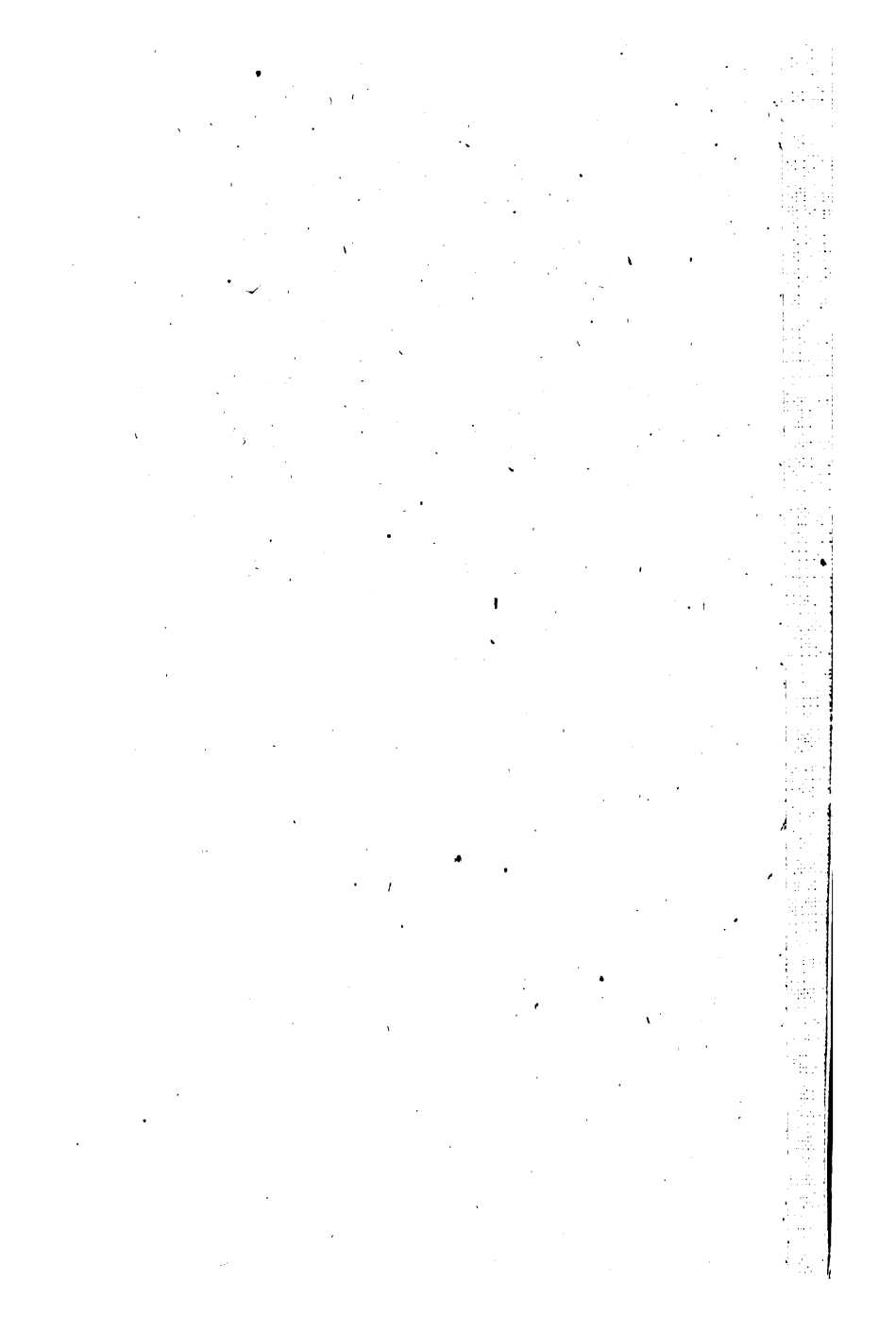
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES

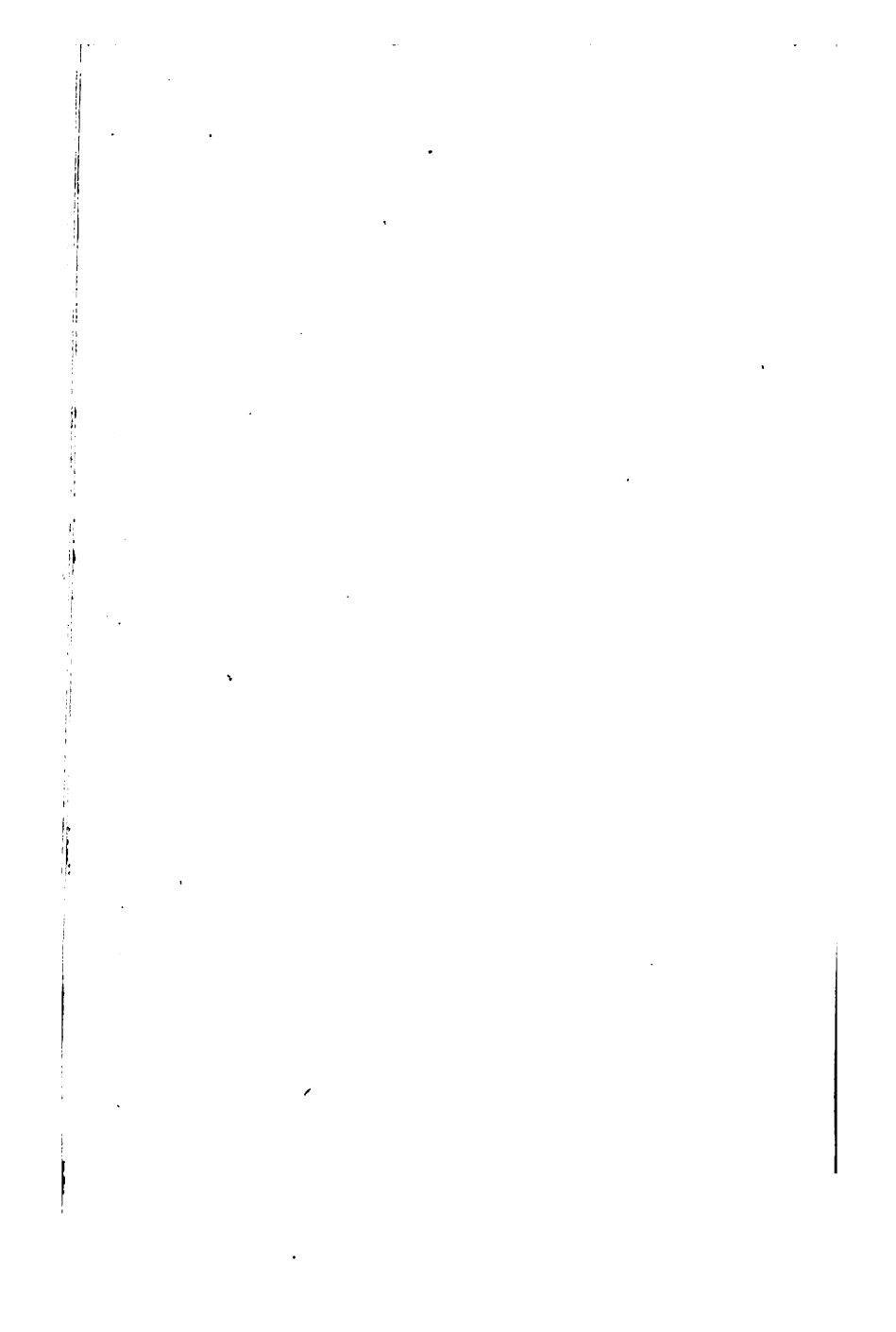


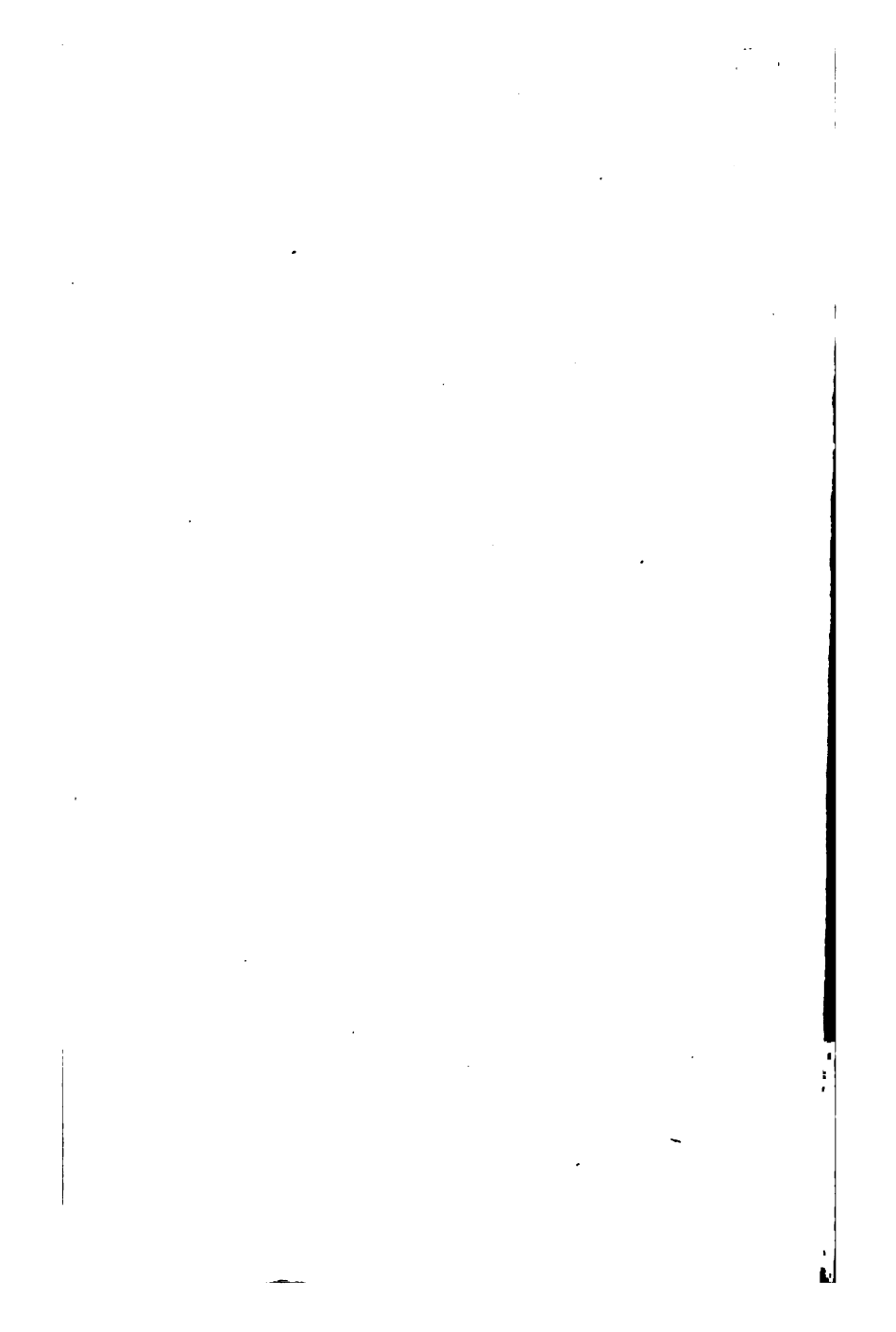
3 3433 07497249 2



LAWSON, F
N. C. M.







WHEN I WAS KING



BY
HENRY
LAWSON

H.L.

↓
1. Pae'syl (E. coli)

WHEN I WAS KING

THE COMMONWEALTH SERIES.

In Picture Covers, 1s. each; post free, 1s. 3d.

When I Was King: Verses. By HENRY LAWSON.

The Elder Son: Verses. By HENRY LAWSON.

Joe Wilson: New Stories. By HENRY LAWSON.

Joe Wilson's Mates: New Stories. By HENRY LAWSON.

On the Track: Stories. By HENRY LAWSON.

Over the Blipralls: Stories. By HENRY LAWSON.

Popular Verses. By HENRY LAWSON.

Humorous Verses. By HENRY LAWSON.

While the Billy Bolls: Stories. By HENRY LAWSON. In 2 parts.

My Ohnee Cook and other Humorous Verses. By BRUNTON STEPHENS.

History of Australasia: From the Earliest Times to the Inauguration of the Commonwealth. By A. W. JOSE.

History of Australian Bushranging. By CHARLES WHITE. *Illustrated.* In 4 parts: The Early Days—1850 to 1862—1863 to 1869—1869 to 1878.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ACTOR. LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



THE SWAGMAN, ON HIS UPPERS, PULLS AN
UNDERTAKER'S MUG,
AND HE LEANS ACROSS THE COUNTER AND HE
BREATHES IN CHARLIE'S LUG —
TALK OF THIRST AND MISFORTUNE. CHARLIE
KNOWS IT, AND — AH, WELL!
BUT IT'S VERY BAD FOR BUSINESS AT THE
BULLETIN HOTEL

6-2-23.

WHEN I WAS KING

17

BY
Hertzberg
HENRY LAWSON

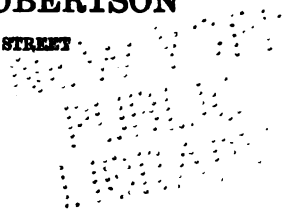
AUTHOR OF "WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE, AND OTHER VERSES;" "WHELE THE
BILLY BOILS;" "JOB WILSON AND HIS MATE;" "ON THE TRACK AND
OVER THE SLIPRAILS;" "VERSES, POPULAR AND HUMOROUS;"
AND "THE ELDER SON"

SYDNEY
ANGUS AND ROBERTSON

89 CASTLEREAGH STREET

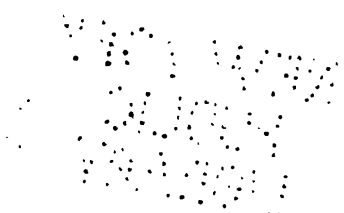
1905

17



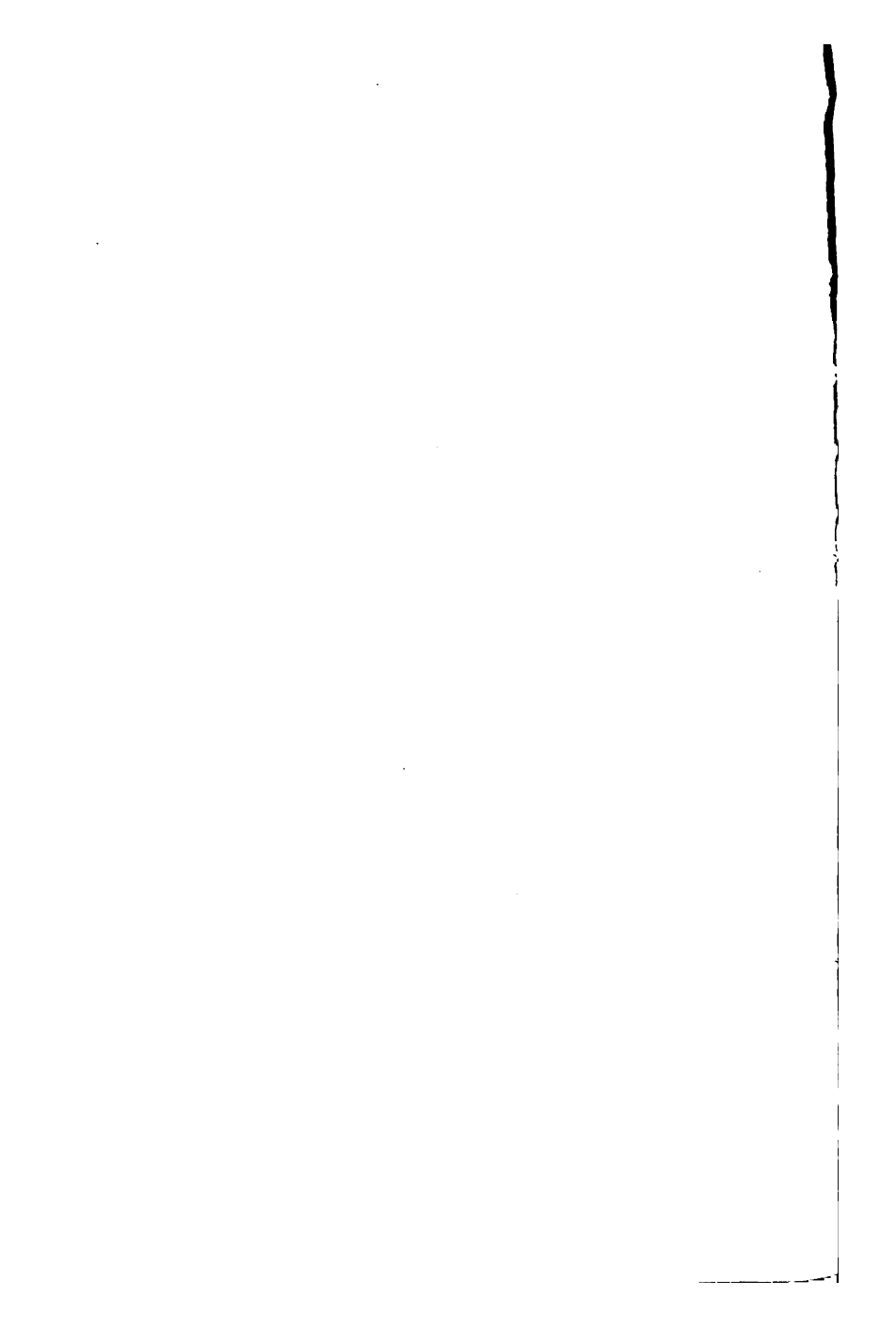
108749A

Webdale, Shoosmith and Co., Printers, Sydney.



MANY of the verses in this volume appeared originally in the *SYDNEY Bulletin*, others in the *Daily Telegraph*, *Town and Country Journal*, *Evening News*, *World's News*, *Australian Star*, *Amateur Gardener*, and *KALGOORLIE Sun*, while eleven are reprinted from *The Children of the Bush*, published by Messrs. Methuen and Co., London.

The author acknowledges the courteous permission of the publishers of the foregoing to include the respective pieces here.



CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE CROSS-ROADS	
<i>Once more I write a line to you,</i> - - -	xv.
WHEN I WAS KING	
The second time I lived on earth - - -	1
THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO THE BUSHMEN	
Some carry their swags in the Great North-West, - - - - -	10
FROM THE BUSH	
<i>The Channel fog has lifted—</i> - - -	12
HEED NOT	
Heed not the cock-sure tourist, - - -	14
THE BUSH GIRL	
So you rode from the range where your brothers select, - - - - -	16
'G. S.,' OR THE FOURTH COOK	
He has notions of Australia from the tales that he's been told— - - -	18

	PAGE
JACK CORNSTALK	
I met with Jack Cornstalk in London to-day, - - - - -	21
THE MEN WHO MADE AUSTRALIA	
There'll be royal times in Sydney for the Cuff and Collar Push, - - - - -	23
THE BULLETIN HOTEL	
I was drifting in the drizzle past the Cecil in the Strand— - - - -	29
"UNKNOWN"	
Oh, the wild black swans fly westward still, - - - - -	32
THE SHEARERS	
No church-bell rings them from the Track,	34
'KNOCKING AROUND'	
Weary old wife, with the bucket and cow,	36
THE SHEARER'S DREAM	
'Oh, I dreamt I shore in a shearin' shed, and it was a dream of joy, - - - - -	38
THE NEVER-NEVER COUNTRY	
By homestead, hut, and shearing shed, -	40

CONTENTS

xi

WITH DICKENS

PAGE

In Windsor Terrace, number four, - - - 44

THE THINGS WE DARE NOT TELL

The fields are fair in autumn yet, and the
sun's still shining there, - - - 56

THE DRUMS OF BATTERSEA

They can't hear in West o' London, where
the worst dine with the best— - - 58

AS FAR AS YOUR RIFLES COVER

Do you think, you slaves of a thousand
years to poverty, wealth and pride, - 62

GIPSY TOO

If they missed my face in Farmers' Arms 63

THE WANDER-LIGHT

And they heard the tent-poles clatter, - 65

GENOA

A long farewell to Genoa - - - 69

THE TRACKS THAT LIE BY INDIA

Now this is not a dismal song, like some
I've sung of late, - - - 71

	PAGE
SAY GOOD-BYE WHEN YOUR CHUM IS MARRIED	
Now this is a rhyme that might well be carried - - - - -	74
THE SEPARATION	
We knew too little of the world, - - -	75
RUTH	
All is well—in a prison—to-night, and the warders are crying ‘All’s Well!’ -	77
THE CLIFFS	
They sing of the grandeur of cliffs inland,	99
BOURKE	
I’ve followed all my tracks and ways, from old bark school to Leicester Square, -	101
THE STRINGY-BARK TREE	
There’s the whitebox and pine on the ridges afar, - - - - -	106
THE BUSH FIRE	
Ah, better the thud of the deadly gun, and the crash of the bursting shell, -	108
THE BILL OF THE AGES	
He shall live to the end of this mad old world, he has lived since the world began, - - - - -	113

CONTENTS

xiii

WARATAH AND WATTLE

PAGE

Though poor and in trouble I wander
alone, - - - - - 117

MY LAND AND I

They have eaten their fill at your tables
spread, - - - - - 119

THE MEN WHO LIVE IT DOWN

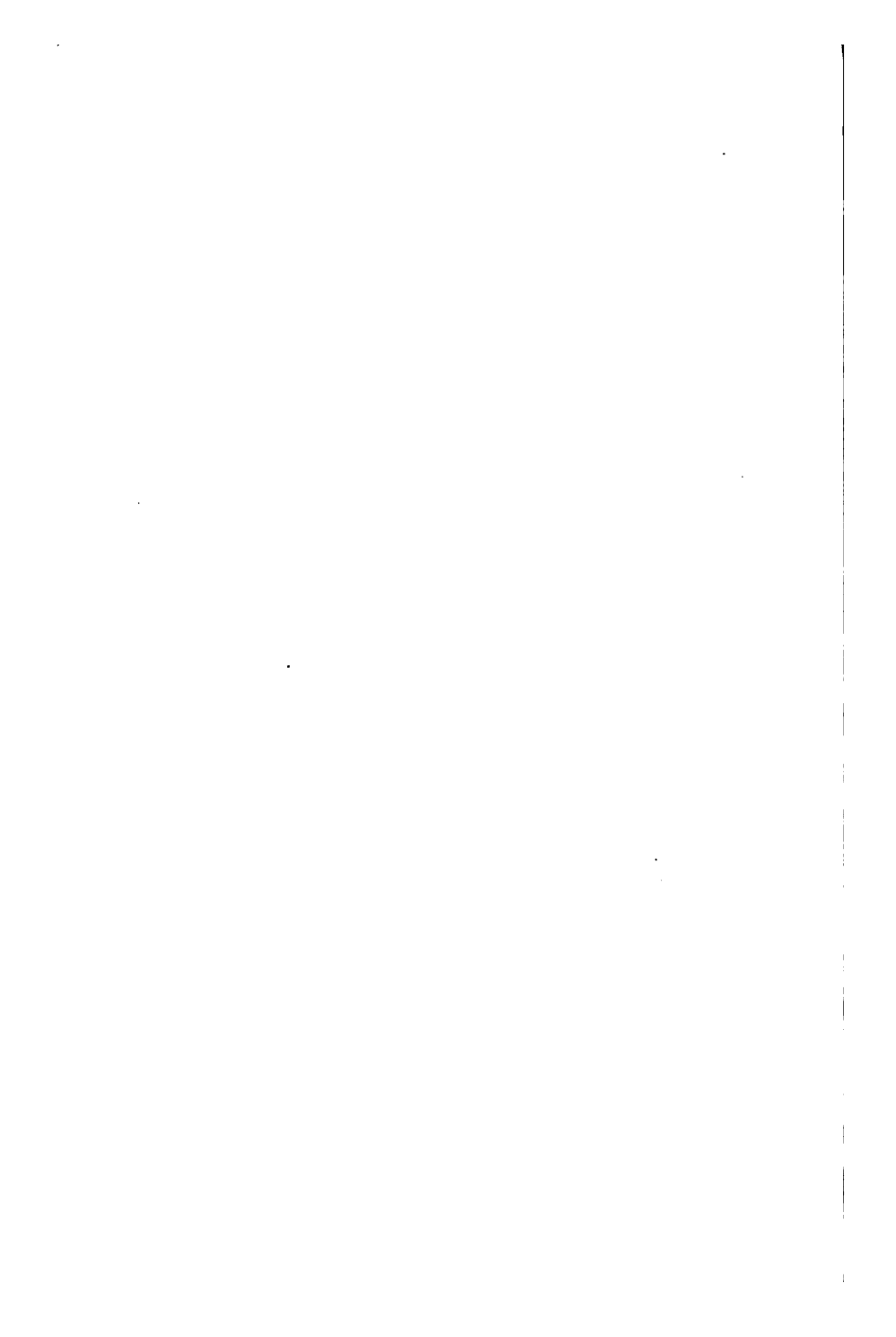
I have sinned, like others, blindly, without
thought and without fear, - - - 122

WHEN YOUR PANTS BEGIN TO GO

When you wear a cloudy collar and a
shirt that isn't white, - - - 125

ROBBIE'S STATUTE

Grown tired of mourning for my sins— - 130



THE CROSS-ROADS

*Once more I write a line to you,
While darker shadows fall ;
Dear friends of mine who have been true,
And steadfast through it all.
If I have written bitter rhymes,
With many lines that halt,
And if I have been false at times,
It was not all my fault.*

*To Heaven's decree I would not bow,
And I sank very low—
The bitter things are written now,
And we must let them go.
But I feel softened as I write ;
The better spirit springs,
And I am very sad to-night
Because of many things.*

THE CROSS-ROADS

*The friendships that I have abused,
The trust I did betray,
The talents that I have misused,
The gifts I threw away.
The things that did me little good,
And—well my cheeks might burn—
The kindly letters that I should
Have answered by return.*

*But you might deem them answered now,
And answered from my heart ;
And injured friends will understand
'Tis I who feel the smart.
But I have done with barren strife
And dark imaginings,
And in my future work and life
Will seek the better things.*

WHEN I WAS KING

THE second time I lived on earth
Was several hundred years ago ;
And—royal by my second birth—
I know as much as most men know.
I was a king who held the reins
As never modern monarchs can ;
I was a king, and I had brains,
And, what was more, I was a man !
Called to the throne in stormy times,
When things were at their very worst,
I had to fight—and not with rhymes—
My own self and my kindred first ;
And after that my friends and foes,
And great abuses born of greed ;
And when I'd fairly conquered those,
I ruled the land a king indeed.

WHEN I WAS KING

I found a deal of rottenness,
Such as in modern towns we find ;
I camped my poor in palaces
And tents upon the plain behind.
I marked the hovels, dens and drums
In that fair city by the sea.
And burnt the miles of wretched slums
And built the homes as they should be.

I stripped the baubles from the State,
And on the land I spent the spoil ;
I hunted off the sullen great,
And to the farmers gave the soil.
My people were their own police ;
My courts were free to everyone.
My priests were to preach love and peace ;
My Judges to see justice done.

I'd studied men and studied kings,
No crawling cant would I allow ;
I hated mean and paltry things,
As I can hate them even now.
A land of men I meant to see,
A strong and clean and noble race—
No subject dared kneel down to me,
But looked his king straight in the face.

Had I not been a king in fact,
A king in council-hall and tent,
I might have let them crawl and act
The courtier to their heart's content ;
But when I called on other kings,
And saw men kneel, I felt inclined
To gently tip the abject things
And kick them very hard behind.

My subjects were not slaves, I guess,
But though the women in one thing—
A question 'twas of healthy dress—
Would dare to argue with their king
(I had to give in there, I own,
Though none denied that I was strong),
Yet they would hear my telephone
If anything went very wrong.

I also had some poets bright—
Their songs were grand, I will allow—
They were, if I remember right,
About as bad as bards are now.
I had to give them best at last,
And let them booze and let them sing ;
As it is now, so in the past,
They'd small respect for gods or king.

WHEN I WAS KING

I loved to wander through the streets—

I carried neither sword nor dirk—

And watch the building of my fleets,

And watch my artisans at work.

At times I would take off my coat

And show them how to do a thing—

Till someone, clucking in his throat,

Would stare and gasp, 'It is the king!'

And I would say, 'Shut up, you fools!

Is it for this my towns I burn?

You don't know how to handle tools,

And by my faith you'll have to learn!'

I was a king, but what of that?

A king may warble in the spring

And carry eggs home in his hat,

Provided that he *is* a king.

I loved to stroll about the town

With chums at night, and talk of things,

And, though I chanced to wear the crown,

My friends, by intellect, were kings.

When I was doubtful, then I might

Discuss a matter quietly,

But when I felt that I was right

No power on earth could alter me!

And now and then it was no sin
Nor folly to relax a bit—
I'd take my friends into an inn
And call for wine and pay for it.
And then of many things we'd clack
With loosened tongues and visions clear—
I often heard behind my back
The, whispered 'Peace, the king is here !'

The women harped about a queen,
I knew they longed to have a court
And flaunt their feathers on the scene,
But hitherto I'd held the fort.
My subjects wanted me, no doubt,
To give the throne a son and heir—
(There were some little kings about,
But that was neither here nor there).

I'd no occasion for a wife—
A queen as yet was not my plan ;
I'd seen a lot of married life—
My sire had been a married man.
'A son and heir be hanged !' I said—
'How dare you ask for such a thing,
'You fight it out when I am dead
'And let the best man be the king !'

'Your Majesty, we love you well !'
A candid friend would say to me—
'But there be tales that people tell
'Unfitted to thy dignity'—
'My dignity be damned !' I'd say,
'Bring me no women's chattering !
'I'll be a man while yet I may—
'When trouble comes I'll be a king !

I'd kept my kingdom clean and strong
While other kingdoms were like ours—
I had no need to brook a wrong,
I feared not all the rotten Powers
I did not eat my heart out then,
Nor feebly fight in verse or prose.
I'd take five hundred thousand men
To argue matters with my foes !

It thrilled me through, the mighty tramp
Of armed men, the thundering cheer—
The pregnant whisper through the camp
At dead of night : 'The King is here !'
And though we paid for victory
On some fields that were hard to hold,
The faith my soldiers had in me
Oft strengthened mine a hundredfold.

I'd chat with soldiers by the fires
On rocky heights and river banks,
I'd seek the brains that war requires,
And take my captains from the ranks.
And so, until the storm was by,
And came the peace just war can bring,
I bore me so that men might cry
With all their hearts, 'God Save the King.'

*When I was king the world was wide,
And I was strong and I was free.
I knew no hatred, knew no pride,
No envy and no treachery.
I feared no lies, I feared no truth,
Nor any storm that time might bring.
I had my love, I had my youth,
The world was mine when I was king.*

Peace came at last—and strange is Fate—
The women begged just once alone
To see me robed in royal state
And seated on my father's throne.
I thought, 'Shall I this boon deny?
And said—and 'twas a paltry thing:
'I'll show the fools just once that I
'Can look, as well as be, a king.'

WHEN I WAS KING

They dusted out the castle old,
And from the closet and the chest
They dug the jewels set in gold—
The crown and robes and all the rest.
They came with eyes like stars at night,
With diamonds set in raven hair,
They came with arms and bosoms white—
And, Oh my God ! but one was fair !

They dressed me as the kings had been,
The ancient royal purple spread,
And one that was to be my queen,
She placed the circlet on my head.
They pressed their hearts and bowed to me,
They knelt with arms uplifted all.
I felt the rush of vanity—
The pride that goes before the fall.

And then the banquet and the wine
With Satan's music and the glance
Of siren eyes. Those captains mine
Were reeling in the maddening dance :
A finger writing on the wall,
While girls sang as the angels sing—
A drunken boaster in the hall,
The fool that used to be a king.

WHEN I WAS KING

9

I rose again—no matter how—
 A woman, and a deeper fall—
I move amongst my people now
 The most degraded of them all.
But, if in centuries to come,
 I live once more and claim my own,
I'll see my subjects blind and dumb
 Before they set me on a throne.

THE AUTHOR'S FAREWELL TO THE
BUSHMEN

SOME carry their swags in the Great North-West,
Where the bravest battle and die,
And a few have gone to their last long rest,
And a few have said : Good-bye !
The coast grows dim, and it may be long
Ere the Gums again I see ;
So I put my soul in a farewell song
To the chaps who barracked for me.

Their days are hard at the best of times,
And their dreams are dreams of care—
God bless them all for their big soft hearts,
And the brave, brave grins they wear !
God keep me straight as a man can go,
And true as a man may be !
For the sake of the hearts that were always so,
Of the men who had faith in me !

FAREWELL TO THE BUSHMEN

11

And a ship-side word I would say, you chaps
Of the blood of the Don't-give-in !
The world will call it a boast, perhaps—
But I'll win, if a man can win !
And not for gold nor the world's applause—
Though ways to the end they be—
I'll win, if a man might win, because
Of the men who believed in me.

FROM THE BUSH

*The Channel fog has lifted—
And see where we have come!
Round all the world we've drifted,
A hundred years from 'home.'
The fields our parents longed for—
Ah! we shall ne'er know how—
The wealth that they were wronged for
We'll see as strangers now!*

THE Dover cliffs have passed on—
In morning light aglow—
That our fathers looked their last on
A weary time ago.
Now grin, and grin your bravest!
We need be strong to fight;
For you go home to picture
And I go home to write.

Hold up your head in England,
Tread firm on London streets ;
We come from where the strong heart
Of all Australia beats !
Hold up your head in England
However poor you roam !
For no men are your betters
Who never sailed from home !

From a hundred years of hardships—
'Tis ours to tell the cost—
From a thousand miles of silence
Where London would be lost ;
From where the glorious sunset
On sweeps of mulga glows—
Ah ! we know more than England,
And more than Europe knows !

Hold up your head in London,
However poor you come,
For no man is your better
Who never sailed from home !
Our 'home' and foreign fathers,
Where none but men dared go,
Have done more for the White Man
Than England e'er shall know !

HEED NOT

HEED not the cock-sure tourist,
Seeing with English eyes ;
Stroked at the banquet table
Still, with the old stock lies—
Pet of a social circle,
Guest in a garden fair —
Free of the first-class carriage—
He learns no Australia there.

Heed not the Southern humbugs
By the first saloons who come—
From his work in the wide, hot scrub-lands
The Australian goes not home.
Give them the toadies' knighthood,
Fit for the souls they've got ;
Fear not to shame Australia
For Australia knows them not.

Heed not the Sydney 'dailies,'
Naught for the land they do ;
Heed not the Melbourne street crowd,
For they know no more than you !
Pent in the coastal cities,
Still on the old-world track—
They know naught of Australia,
Of the heart of the great Out-Back !

But wait for the voice that gathers
Strength by the western creeks !
Heed ye the Out-Back shearers—
List when the Great Bush speaks !
Heed ye the black-sheep, working
His own salvation free—
And Oh ! heed ye the sons of the exiles
When they speak of the things to be !

THE BUSH GIRL

So you rode from the range where your brothers
select,

Through the ghostly, grey Bush in the dawn —
You rode slowly at first, lest her heart should suspect
That you were so glad to be gone ;
You had scarcely the courage to glance back at her
By the homestead receding from view,
And you breathed with relief as you rounded the spur,
For the world was a wide world to you.

Grey eyes that grow sadder than sunset or
rain,

Fond heart that is ever more true,
Firm faith that grows firmer for watching in
vain —

She'll wait by the slip-rails for you.

Ah ! the world is a new and a wide one to you,
But the world to your sweetheart is shut,
For a change never comes to the lonely Bush homes
Of the stockyard, the scrub, and the hut ;
And the only relief from its dulness she feels
When the ridges grow softened and dim,
And away in the dusk to the slip-rails she steals
To dream of past hours ' with him.'

Do you think, where, in place of bare fences, dry
creeks,

Clear streams and green hedges are seen—

Where the girls have the lily and rose in their cheeks,

And the grass in mid-summer is green—

Do you think, now and then, now or then, in the
whirl

Of the town life, while London is new,

Of the hut in the Bush and the freckled-faced girl

Who waits by the slip-rails for you ?

Grey eyes that are sadder than sunset or
rain,

Bruised heart that is ever more true,

Fond faith that is firmer for trusting in
vain—

She waits by the slip-rails for you.

'G. S.,' OR THE FOURTH COOK

HE has notions of Australia from the tales that he's
been told—

Land of leggings and revolvers, land of savages and
gold ;

So he begs old shirts, and someone patches up his
worn-out duds.

He is shipped as 'general servant,' scrubbing pots and
peeling spuds

(In the steamer's grimy alley, hating man and peeling
spuds).

There is little time to comfort, there is little time to
cry—

He will come back with a fortune—' We'll be happy
by-and-by !'

Scarcely time to kiss his sweetheart, barely time to
change his duds,

Ere they want him at the galley, and they set him
peeling spuds

(With a butcher's knife, a bucket, and, say, half a
ton of spuds).

And he peels 'em hard to Plymouth, peels 'em fast to
drown his grief,

Peels 'em while his stomach sickens on the road to
Teneriffe ;

Peels 'em while the donkey rattles, peels 'em while the
engine thuds,

By the time they touch at Cape Town he's a don at
peeling spuds

(And he finds some time for dreaming as he gets on
with the spuds).

In the steamer's slushy alley, where the souls of men
are dead,

And the adjectives are crimson if the substances are
red,

He's perhaps a college black-sheep, and, maybe, of
ancient blood—

Ah ! his devil grips him sometimes as he reaches for a
spud

(And he jerks his head and sadly gouges dry-rot from
a spud).

And his brave heart hopes and sickens as the weary
days go round ;
There is lots o' time for blue-lights ere they reach
King George's Sound.
But he gets his best suit ready—two white shirts and
three bone studs !
He will face the new world bravely when he's finished
with the spuds
And next week, perhaps, he'll gladly take a job at
peeling spuds).

There were heroes in Australia went exploring long
ago ;
There are heroes in Australia that the world shall
never know ;
And the men we use for heroes in the land of
drougts and floods
Often win their way to Sydney scrubbing pots and
peeling spuds
(Plucky beggars ! brave, poor devils ! gouging dry-rot
from their spuds).

JACK CORNSTALK

I MET with Jack Cornstalk in London to-day,
He saw me and coo-eed from over the way.
Oh ! the solemn-faced Londoners stared with surprise
At his hair and his height as compared with his size ;
For his trousers were short and his collar was low,
And — there's not room to coo-ee in London, I know !
But I said to him, ' Jack ! ' as he gripped my hand
fast,
' Oh, I hear that our Country's a nation at last !
' I hear they have launched the new ship of the State,
' And with men at the wheel who are steering it
straight.
' I hear 'twas the vote of your Bush mates and you ;
' And, oh, tell me, Jack Cornstalk, if this can be true ?
' I hear that the bitter black strike times are o'er,
' And that Grabbitt and Co. shall crush Labour no
more ;

‘That Australians are first where Australia was last,
‘And the day of the foreign adventurer’s past ;
‘That all things are coming we fought for so long ;
‘And, oh, tell me, Jack Cornstalk, if I have heard
wrong !’

For a moment he dropped the old grin that he wore—
He’d a light in his eyes that was not there before—
And he reached for my hand, which I gave, nothing
loth,
And replied in two words, and those words were
‘My Oath !
‘They are standing up grand, Toby Barton and See,
And Australia’s all right, you can take it from me.’

THE MEN WHO MADE AUSTRALIA

(WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE ROYAL VISIT
TO AUSTRALIA, 1901)

THERE'LL be royal times in Sydney for the Cuff and
Collar Push,

There'll be lots of dreary drivel and clap-trap
From the men who own Australia, but who never
knew the Bush,

And who could not point their runs out on the map.
Oh, the daily Press will grovel as it never did before,
There'll be many flags of welcome in the air,
And the Civil Service poet, he shall write odes by the
score—

But the men who made the land will not be there.

You shall meet the awful Lady of the latest Birthday
Knight—

(She is trying to be English, don't-cher-know ?)

You shall hear the empty mouthing of the champion
blatherskite,

You shall hear the boss of local drapers blow.

There'll be 'majahs' from the counter, tailors'
dummies from the fleet,

And to represent Australia here to-day,

There's the toady with his card-case and his cab in
Downing-street ;

But the men who made Australia—where are
they ?

Call across the blazing sand wastes of the Never-
Never Land !

There are some who will not answer yet awhile,
Some whose bones rot in the mulga or lie bleaching
on the sand,

Died of thirst to win the land another mile.

Thrown from horses, ripped by cattle, lost on deserts ;
and the weak,

Mad through loneliness or drink (no matter which),
Drowned in floods or dead of fever by the sluggish
slimy creek—

These are men who died to make the Wool-Kings
rich.

Call across the scrubby ridges where they clear the
barren soil,

And the gaunt Bush-women share the work of
men—

Toil and loneliness for ever—hardship, loneliness and
toil—

Where the brave drought-ruined farmer starts
again!

Call across the boundless sheep-runs of a country
cursed for sheep—

Call across the awful scrublands west of Bourke!

But they have no time to listen—they have scarcely
time to sleep—

For the men who conquer deserts have to work.

Dragged behind the crawling sheep-flock on the hot
and dusty plain,

They must make a cheque to feed the wife and
kids—

Riding night-watch round the cattle in the pelting,
freezing rain,

While world-weariness is pressing down the lids.

And away on far out-stations, seldom touched by
Heaven's breath,

In a loneliness that smothers love and hate—

Where they never take white women—there they
live the living death
With a half-caste or a black-gin for a mate.

They must toil to save the gaunt stock in the blazing
months of drought,

When the stinging, blinding blight is in men's
eyes—

On the wretched, burnt selections, on the big runs
further out

Where the sand-storm rises lurid to the skies.

Not to profit when the grass is waving waist-high
after rain,

And the mighty clip of wool comes rolling in—

For the Wool-King goes to Paris with his family
again

And the gold that souls are sacrificed to win.

There are carriages in waiting for the swells from
over-sea,

There are banquets in the latest London style,

While the men who made Australia live on damper,
junk and tea—

But the quiet voices whisper, 'Wait a while!'

THE MEN WHO MADE AUSTRALIA 27

For the sons of all Australia, they were born to
conquer fate—

And, where charity and friendship are sincere,
Where a sinner is a brother and a stranger is a
mate,

There the future of a nation's written clear.

Aye, the cities claim the triumphs of a land they do
not know,

But all empty is the day they celebrate !

For the men who made Australia federated long ago,

And the men to rule Australia—they can wait.

Though the bed may be the rough bunk or the gum
leaves or the sand,

And the roof for half the year may be the sky—

There are men amongst the Bushmen who were born
to save the land !

And they'll take their places sternly by-and-by.

There's a whisper on the desert though the sunset
breeze hath died

In the scrubs, though not a breath to stir a bough,
There's a murmur, not of waters, down the Lachlan
River side,

'Tis the spirit of Australia waking now !

There's the weird hymn of the drought-night on the
western water-shed,

Where the beds of unlocked rivers crack and parch ;
'Tis the dead that we have buried, and our great
unburied dead,

Who are calling now on living men to march !

Round the camp fire of the fencers by the furthest
panel west,

In the men's hut by the muddy billabong,
On the Great North-Western Stock-routes where the
drovers never rest,

They are sorting out the right things from the
wrong.

In the shearers' hut the slush lamp shows a haggard,
stern-faced man

Preaching war against the Wool-King to his mates ;
And wherever go the billy, water-bag and frying-pan,
They are drafting future histories of states !

THE BULLETIN HOTEL

I WAS drifting in the drizzle past the Cecil in the
Strand—

Which, I'm told, is very tony—and its front looks
very grand ;

And I somehow fell a-thinking of a pub I know so
well,

Of a palace in Australia called The Bulletin Hotel.

Just a little six-room'd shanty built of corrugated tin,
And all round a blazing desert—land of camels, thirst
and sin ;

And the landlord is 'the Spider'—Western diggers
know him well—

Charlie Webb!—Ah, there you have it!—of the
Bulletin Hotel.

'Tis a big soft-hearted spider in a land where life is
grim,
And a web of great good-nature that brings worn-out
flies to him :
'Tis the club of many lost souls in the wide Westralian
hell,
And the stage of many Mitchells is the Bulletin
Hotel.

But the swagman, on his uppers, pulls an undertaker's
mug,
And he leans across the counter and he breathes in
Charlie's lug—
Tale of thirst and of misfortune. Charlie knows it,
and—ah, well !
But it's very bad for business at the Bulletin Hotel.

' What's a drink or two ? ' says Charlie, ' and you can't
refuse a feed ;'
But there's many a drink unpaid for, many sticks of
' borrowed ' weed ;
And the poor old spineless bummer and the broken-
hearted swell
Know that they are sure of tucker at the Bulletin
Hotel.

There's the liquor and the license and the 'carriage'
and the rent,
And the sea or grave 'twixt Charlie and the fivers he
has lent;
And I'm forced to think in sorrow, for I know the
country well,
That the end will be the bailiff in the Bulletin Hotel.

But he'll pack up in a hurry and he'll seek a cooler
clime,
If I make a rise in England and I get out there in
time.
For a mate o' mine is Charlie and I stayed there for
a spell,
And I owe more than a jingle to the Bulletin Hotel.

But there's lots of graft between us, there are many
miles of sea,
So, if you should drop on Charlie, just shake hands
with him for me;
Say I think the Bush less lonely than the great town
where I dwell,
And—a grander than the Cecil is the Bulletin Hotel.

'SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF
"UNKNOWN"
WHO WAS FOUND DEAD
NEAR THIS TREE
DURING THE GREAT DROUGHT OF '96.
(*Don't Cut Down this Tree, for a White Man Lies
Beneath It*)'

Oh, the wild black swans fly westward still,
While the sun goes down in glory—
And away o'er lonely plain and hill
Still runs the same old story :
The sheoaks sigh it all day long—
It is safe in the Big Scrub's keeping—
'Tis the butcher-birds' and the bell-birds' song
In the gum where 'Unknown' lies sleeping—
(It is heard in the chat of the soldier-birds
O'er the grave where 'Unknown' lies sleeping).

Ah ! the Bushmen knew not his name or land,
 Or the shame that had sent him here—
 But the Bushmen knew by the dead man's hand
 That his past life lay not near.
 The law of the land might have watched for him,
 Or a sweetheart, wife, or mother ;
 But they bared their heads, and their eyes were dim,
 For he might have been a brother !
 (Ah ! the death he died brought him near to them,
 For he might have been a brother.)

Oh, the wild black swans to the westward fade,
 And the sunset burns to ashes,
 And three times bright on an eastern range
 The light of a big star flashes,
 Like a signal sent to a distant strand
 Where a dead man's love sits weeping.
 And the night comes grand to the Great Lone Land
 O'er the grave where 'Unknown' lies sleeping,
 And the big white stars in their clusters blaze
 O'er the Bush where 'Unknown' lies sleeping.

THE SHEARERS

No church-bell rings them from the Track,
No pulpit lights their blindness—
'Tis hardship, drought and homelessness
That teach those Bushmen kindness :
The mateship born of barren lands,
Of toil and thirst and danger—
The camp-fare for the stranger set,
The first place to the stranger.

They do the best they can to-day—
Take no thought of the morrow ;
Their way is not the old-world way—
They live to lend and borrow.

When shearing's done and cheques gone wrong,
They call it ' time to slither '—
They saddle up and say ' So-long ! '
And ride—the Lord knows whither.

And though he may be brown or black,
Or wrong man there or right man,
The mate that's honest to his mates

They call that man a 'white man' !
They tramp in mateship side by side—
The Protestant and 'Roman'—
They call no biped lord or 'sir,'
And touch their hats to no man !

They carry in their swags, perhaps,
A portrait and a letter—
And, maybe, deep down in their hearts,
The hope of 'something better.'
Where lonely miles are long to ride,
And all days seem recurrent,
There's lots of time to think of men
They might have been—but weren't.

They turn their faces to the west
And leave the world behind them —
(Their drought-dried graves are seldom green
Where even mates can find them).
They know too little of the world
To rise to wealth or greatness :
But in this book of mine I pay
My tribute to their straightness.

‘ KNOCKING AROUND ’

WEARY old wife, with the bucket and cow,
‘ How’s your son Jack ? and where is he now ? ’
Haggard old eyes that turn to the west—
‘ Boys will be boys, and he’s gone with the rest ! ’
Grief without tears and grief without sound ;
‘ Somewhere up-country he’s knocking around.’

Knocking around with a vagabond crew,
Does for himself what a mother would do ;
Maybe in trouble and maybe hard-up,
Maybe in want of a bite or a sup ;
Dead of the fever, or lost in the drought,
Lonely old mother ! he’s knocking about.

Wiry old man at the tail of the plough,
‘ Heard of Jack lately ? and where is he now ? ’

Pauses a moment his forehead to wipe,
Drops the rope reins while he feels for his pipe,
Scratches his grey head in sorrow or doubt :
'Somewheers or others he's knocking about.'

Knocking about on the runs of the West,
Holding his own with the worst and the best
Breaking in horses and risking his neck,
Droving or shearing and making a cheque ;
Straight as a sapling—six-foot and sound,
Jack is all right when he's knocking around

THE SHEARER'S DREAM

' Oh, I dreamt I shore in a shearin' shed, and it was
a dream of joy,
For every one of the rouseabouts was a girl dressed
up as a boy—
Dressed up like a page in a pantomime, and the
prettiest ever seen—
They had flaxen hair, they had coal-black hair—and
every shade between.'

' There was short, plump girls, there was tall,
slim girls, and the handsomest ever seen—
They was four-foot-five, they was six-foot high,
and every size between.'

' The shed was cooled by electric fans that was over
every shoot ;
The pens was of polished ma-ho-gany, and ev'rything
else to suit ;

'The huts was fixed with spring-mattresses, and the tucker was simply grand,
And every night by the biller-bong we darnced to a German band.'

'Our pay was the wool on the jumbucks' backs, so we shore till all was blue—
The sheep was washed afore they was shore (and the rams was scented too);
And we all of us cried when the shed cut out, in spite of the long, hot days,
For every hour them girls waltzed in with whisky and beer on tr-a-a-ys !'

'There was three of them girls to every chap, and as jealous as they could be—
There was three of them girls to every chap, and six of 'em picked on me;
We was draftin' 'em out for the homeward track and sharin' 'em round like steam,
When I woke with my head in the blazin' sun to find 'twas a shearer's dream.'

'They had kind grey eyes, they had coal-black eyes, and the grandest ever seen—
They had plump pink hands, they had slim white hands, and every shape be-tw-e-e-n.'

THE NEVER-NEVER COUNTRY

By homestead, hut, and shearing-shed,
By railroad, coach, and track—
By lonely graves of our brave dead,
Up-Country and Out-Back :
To where 'neath glorious clustered stars
The dreamy plains expand—
My home lies wide a thousand miles
In the Never-Never Land.

It lies beyond the farming belt,
Wide wastes of scrub and plain,
A blazing desert in the drought,
A lake-land after rain ;
To the sky-line sweeps the waving grass,
Or whirls the scorching sand—
A phantom land, a mystic land !
The Never-Never Land.

Where lone Mount Desolation lies,
Mounts Dreadful and Despair—
'Tis lost beneath the rainless skies
In hopeless deserts there ;
It spreads nor'-west by No-Man's-Land—
Where clouds are seldom seen —
To where the cattle-stations lie
Three hundred miles between.

The drovers of the Great Stock Routes
The strange Gulf country know—
Where, travelling from the southern droughts,
The big lean bullocks go ;
And camped by night where plains lie wide,
Like some old ocean's bed,
The watchmen in the starlight ride
Round fifteen hundred head.

And west of named and numbered days
The shearers walk and ride—
Jack Cornstalk and the Ne'er-do-well
And the grey-beard side by side ;
They veil their eyes from moon and stars,
And slumber on the sand—
Sad memories sleep as years go round
In Never-Never Land.

By lonely huts north-west of Bourke,
Through years of flood and drought,
The best of English black-sheep work
Their own salvation out :

Wild fresh-faced boys grown gaunt and brown—
Stiff-lipped and haggard-eyed—
They live the Dead Past grimly down !
Where boundary-riders ride.

The College Wreck who sank beneath,
Then rose above his shame,
Tramps West in mateship with the man
Who cannot write his name.

'Tis there where on the barren track
No last half-crust's begrudged—
Where saint and sinner, side by side,
Judge not, and are not judged.

Oh rebels to society !
The Outcasts of the West—
Oh hopeless eyes that smile for me,
And broken hearts that jest !
The pluck to face a thousand miles—
The grit to see it through !
The communism perfected !—
And—I am proud of you !

The Arab to true desert sand,
The Finn to fields of snow,
The Flax-stick turns to Maoriland,
Where the seasons come and go ;
And this old fact comes home to me —
And will not let me rest—
However barren it may be,
Your own land is the best !

And, lest at ease I should forget
True mateship after all,
My water-bag and billy yet
Are hanging on the wall ;
And if my fate should show the sign,
I'd tramp to sunsets grand
With gaunt and stern-eyed mates of mine
In the Never-Never Land.

WITH DICKENS

IN Windsor Terrace, number four,

I've taken my abode—

A little crescent from the street,

A bight from City Road ;

And, hard up and in exile, I

To many fancies yield ;

For it was here Micawber lived,

And David Copperfield.

A bed, a table, and a chair,

A bottle and a cup.

The landlord's waiting even now

For something to turn up.

The landlady is spiritless —

They both seem tired of life ;

They cannot fight the battle like

Micawber and his wife.

But in the little open space
That lies back from the street,
The same old ancient, shabby clerk
Is sitting on a seat.
The same sad characters go by,
The ragged children play—
And things have very little changed
Since Dickens passed away.

Some seek religion in their grief,
And some for friendship yearn ;
Some fly to liquor for relief,
But I to Dickens turn.
I find him ever fresh and new,
His lesson ever plain ;
And every line that Dickens wrote
I've read and read again.

The tavern's just across the 'wye,'
And frowsy women there
Are gossiping and drinking gin,
And twisting up their hair.
And grubby girls go past at times,
And furtive gentry lurk —
I don't think anyone has died
Since Dickens did his work.

There's Jingle, Tigg, and Chevy Slyme,
And Weevle—whom you will ;
And hard-up virtue proudly slinks
Into the pawnshop still.
Go east a bit from City Road,
And all the rest are there—
A friendly whistle might produce
A Chicken anywhere.

My favourite author's heroes I
Should love, but somehow can't.
I don't like David Copperfield
As much as David's Aunt,
And it may be because my mind
Has been in many fogs —
I don't like Nicholas Nickleby
So well as Newman Noggs.

I don't like Richard Carstone, Pip,
Or Martin Chuzzlewit,
And for the rich and fatherly
I scarcely care a bit.
The honest, sober clods are bores
Who cannot suffer much,
And with the Esther Summersons
I never was in touch.

The 'Charleys' and the haggard wives,
Kind hearts in poverty—
And yes! the Lizzie Hexams, too—
Are very near to me ;
But men like Brothers Cheeryble,
And Madeline Bray divine,
And Nell, and Little Dorrit live
In a better world than mine.

The Nicklebys and Copperfields,
They do not stand the test ;
And in my heart I don't believe
That Dickens loved them best.
I can't admire their ways and talk,
I do not like their looks—
Those selfish, injured sticks that stalk
Through all the Master's books.

They're mostly selfish in their love,
And selfish in their hate,
They marry Dora Spenlows, too,
While Agnes Wickfields wait ;
And back they come to poor Tom Pinch
When hard-up for a friend ;
They come to wrecks like Newman Noggs
To help them in the end.

WITH DICKENS

And—well, maybe I am unjust,
And maybe I forget ;
Some of us marry dolls and jilt
Our Agnes Wickfields yet.
We seek our friends when fortune frowns—
It has been ever thus—
And we neglect Joe Gargery
When fortune smiles on us.

They get some rich old grandfather
Or aunt to see them through,
And you can trace self-interest
In nearly all they do.
And scoundrels like Ralph Nickleby,
In spite of all their crimes,
And crawlers like Uriah Heep
Told bitter truths at times.

But—yes, I love the vagabonds
And failures from the ranks,
And hard old files with hidden hearts
Like Wemmick and like Pancks.
And Jagers had his ' poor dreams, too,'
And fond hopes like the rest—
But, somehow, somehow, all my life
I've loved Dick Swiveller best !

But, let us peep at Snagsby first
As softly he lays down
Beside the bed of dying Joe
Another half-a-crown.
And Nemo's wretched pauper grave—
But we can let them be,
For Joe has said to Heaven : ' They
Wos werry good to me.'

And Wemmick with his aged P ——
No doubt has his reward ;
And Jagers, hardest nut of all,
Will be judged by the Lord.
And Pancks, the rent-collecting screw,
With laurels on his brow,
Is loved by all the bleeding hearts
In Bleeding Heart Yard now.

Tom Pinch is very happy now,
And Magwitch is at rest,
And Newman Noggs again might hold
His head up with the best ;
Micawber, too, when all is said,
Drank bravely Sorrow's cup—
Micawber worked to right them all,
And something *did* turn up.

How do 'John Edward Nandy, Sir!'

And Plornish get along ?

Why ! if the old man is in voice

We'll hear him pipe a song.

We'll have a look at Baptiste, too,

While still the night is young—

With Mrs. Plornish to explain

In the Italian tongue.

Before we go we'll ask about

Poor young John Chivery :

'There never was a gentleman

In all his family.'

His hopeless love, his broken heart,

But to his rival true ;

He came of Nature's gentlemen,

But young John never knew.

We'll pass the little midshipman

With heart that swells and fills,

Where Captain Ed'ard Cuttle waits

For Wal'r and Sol Gills.

Jack Bunsby stands by what he says

(Which isn't very clear),

And Toots with his own hopeless love—

As true as any here.

And who that read has never felt
The sorrow that it cost
When Captain Cuttle read the news
The ' Son and Heir ' was lost ?
And who that read has not rejoiced
With him and ' Heart's Delight,'
And felt as Captain Cuttle felt
When Wal'r came that night ?

And yonder, with a broken heart,
That people thought was stone,
Deserted in his ruined home,
Poor Dombey sits alone.
Who has not gulped a something down,
Whose eye has not grown dim
While feeling glad for Dombey's sake
When Florence came to him ?

.
(A stately house in Lincolnshire—
The scene is bleak and cold—
The footsteps on the terrace sound
To-night at Chesney Wold.

One who loved honour, wife, and truth,
If nothing else besides,
Along the dreary Avenue
Sir Leicester Dedlock rides.)

.

We'll go round by Poll Sweedlepipe's,
The bird and barber shop ;
If Sairey Gamp is so disposed
We'll send her up a drop.
We'll cross High Holborn to the Bull,
And, if he cares to come,
By streets that are not closed to him
We'll see Dick Swiveller home.

He's looking rather glum to-night,
The why I will not ask—
No matter how we act the goat,
We mostly wear a mask.
Some wear a mask to hide the false
(And some the good and true)—
I wouldn't be surprised to know
Mark Tapley wore one too.

We wear a mask called cheerfulness
While feeling sad inside ;
And men like Dombey, who was shy,
Oft wear a mask called pride.
A front of pure benevolence
The grinding ' Patriarch ' bore ;
And kind men often wear a mask
Like that which Juggers wore.

But, never mind, Dick Swiveller !
We'll see it out together
Beneath the wing of friendship, Dick,
That never moults a feather.
We'll look upon the rosy yet
Full many a night, old friend,
And tread the mazy ere we woo
The balmy in the end.

Our palace walls are rather bare,
The floor is somewhat damp,
But, while there's liquor, anywhere
Is good enough to camp.

What ho! mine host! bring forth thine ale
And let the board be spread!—
It is the hour when churchyards yawn
And wine goes to the head.

'Twas you who saved poor Kit, old chap,
When he was in a mess—
But, what ho! Varlet! bring us wine!
Here's to the Marchioness!
'We'll make a scholar of her yet,'
She'll be a lady fair,
'And she shall go in silk attire
And siller have to spare.'

From sport to sport they hurry her
To banish her regrets,
And when we win a smile from her
We cannot pay our debts!
Left orphans at a tender age,
We're happiest in the land—
We're Glorious Apollos, Dick,
And you're Perpetual Grand!

You're king of all philosophers,
And let the Godly rust;
Here's to the obscure citizen
Who sent the beer on trust!

It sure would be a cheerful world
If never man got tight ;
You spent your money on your friends,
Dick Swiveller ! Good night !

' A dissolute and careless man—
An idle, drunken path ;'
But see where Sidney Carton spills
His last drink on the hearth !
A ruined life ! He lived for drink
And but one thing beside—
And Oh ! it was a glorious death
That Sidney Carton died.

And ' Which I meantsay is Pip '—
The voices hurry past—
' Not to deceive you, sir '—' Stand by !'
' Awast, my lass, awast !'
' Beware of widders, Samivel,'
And shun strong drink, my friend ;
And, ' not to put too fine a point
Upon it,' I must end.

THE THINGS WE DARE NOT TELL

The fields are fair in autumn yet, and the sun's still
shining there,
But we bow our heads and we brood and fret, because
of the masks we wear ;
Or we nod and smile the social while, and we say
we're doing well,
But we break our hearts, oh, we break our hearts !
for the things we must not tell.

There's the old love wronged ere the new was won,
there's the light of long ago ;
There's the cruel lie that we suffer for, and the public
must not know.
So we go through life with a ghastly mask, and we're
doing fairly well,
While they break our hearts, oh, they kill our hearts!
do the things we must not tell.

We see but pride in a selfish breast, while a heart is
breaking there ;
Oh, the world would be such a kindly world if all
men's hearts lay bare !
We live and share the living lie, we are doing very
well,
While they eat our hearts as the years go by, do the
things we dare not tell.

We bow us down to a dusty shrine, or a temple in the
East,
Or we stand and drink to the world-old creed, with
the coffins at the feast ;
We fight it down, and we live it down, or we bear it
bravely well,
But the best men die of a broken heart for the things
they cannot tell.

THE DRUMS OF BATTERSEA

THEY can't hear in West o' London, where the worst
dine with the best—

Deaf to all save lies and laughter, they can't hear in
London West—

Tailored brutes and splendid harlots, and the parasites
that be—

They can't hear the warning thunder of the Drums of
Battersea.

More drums! War drums!

Drums of Misery—

Beating from the hearts of men—the Drums of
Battersea.

Where the hearses hurry ever, and where man lives
like a beast,

They can feel the war-drums beating—men of Hell!
and London East.

And the far-off foreign farmers, fighting fiercely to be free,

Found new courage in the echo of the Drums of Battersea.

More drums! War drums!

Beating for the free—

Beating on the hearts of men — the Drums of Battersea.

And the drummers! Ah! the drummers!—stern and haggard men are those

Standing grimly at their meetings; and their washed and mended clothes

Speak of worn-out wives behind them and of grinding poverty—

But the English of the English beat the Drums of Battersea!

More drums! War drums!

Drums of agony—

The big bruised heart of England's in the Drums of Battersea.

Where in fields slave Englishwomen, Oh! the sound of drums is there:

I have heard it in the laughter of the nights of Leicester Square—

Sailing southward with the summer, London but a
dream to me,

Still I feel the distant thunder of the Drums of
Battersea!

More drums! War drums!

Drums of Liberty—

Rolling round the English world—the Drums of
Battersea.

Oh! I heard them in the Queen's Hall—aye! and
London heard that night—

While we formed up round the leaders while they
struck one blow for right!

And the old strength, that old fire, that I thought
was dead in me,

Blazed up fiercely at the beating of the Drums of
Battersea!

More drums! War drums!

They beat for victory—

When above the roar of Jingoës rolled the Drums of
Battersea.

And where'er my feet may wander, and howe'er I lay
my head,

I shall hear them while I'm dreaming—I shall hear
them when I'm dead!

For they beat for men and women, beat for Christ,
and you and me :

There is hope and there is terror in the Drums of
Battersea !

More drums ! War drums !

Drums of destiny—

There's hope !—there's hope for England in the Drums
of Battersea.

AS FAR AS YOUR RIFLES COVER

Do you think, you slaves of a thousand years to
poverty, wealth and pride,

You can crush the spirit that has been free in a land
that's new and wide ?

When you've scattered the last of the farmer bands,
and the war for a while is over,

You will hold the land—ay, you'll hold the land—the
land that your rifles cover.

Till your gold has levelled each mountain range where
a wounded man can hide,

Till your gold has lighted the moonless night on the
plains where the rebels ride ;

Till the future is proved, and the past is bribed from
the son of the land's dead lover—

You may hold the land—you may hold the land just
as far as your rifles cover.

GIPSY TOO

If they missed my face in Farmers' Arms
When the landlord lit the lamp,
They would grin and say in their country way,
‘ Oh ! he’s down at the Gipsy camp ! ’
But they’d read of things in the *Daily Mail*
That the wild Australians do,
And I cared no day what the world might say,
For I came of the Gipsies too.

‘ Oh ! the Gipsy crowd are a mongrel lot,
‘ And a thieving lot and sly ! ’
But I’d dined on fowls in the far-off south,
And a mongrel lot was I.

‘ Oh ! the Gipsy crowd are a roving gang,
‘ And a sulky, silent crew ! ’
But they managed a smile and a word for me,
For I came of the Gipsies too.

And the old queen looked in my palm one day—
And a shrewd old dame was she :
' My pretty young gent, you may say your say,
' You may laugh your laugh at me ;
' But I'll tell you the tale of your dead, dead past !'
And she told me all too true ;
And she said that I'd die in a camp at last,
For I came of the Gipsies too.

And the young queen looked in my eyes that night,
In a nook where the hedge grew tall,
And the sky was swept and the stars were bright,
But her eyes had the sheen of all.
The spring was there, and the fields were fair,
And the world to my heart seemed new.
Twas ' A Romany lass to a Romany lad !'
But I came of the Gipsies too.

Now a Summer and Winter have gone between
And wide, wild oceans flow ;
And they camp again by the sad old Thames,
Where the blackberry hedges grow.
'Twas a roving star on a land afar
That proved to a maid untrue,
But we'll meet when they gather the Gipsy souls,
For I came of the Gipsies too.

THE WANDER-LIGHT

AND they heard the tent-poles clatter,
And the fly in twain was torn—
Tis the soiled rag of a tatter
Of the tent where I was born.
And what matters it, I wonder?
Brick or stone or calico—
Or a bush you were born under,
When it happened long ago!

And my beds were camp beds and tramp beds and
damp beds,
And my beds were dry beds on drought-stricken
ground,
Hard beds and soft beds, and wide beds and narrow—
For my beds were strange beds the wide world round.

And the old hag seemed to ponder
(’Twas my mother told me so),

THE WANDER-LIGHT

And she said that I would wander
Where but few would think to go.
'He will fly the haunts of tailors,
'He will cross the ocean wide,
'For his fathers, they were sailors
'All on his good father's side.'

Behind me, before me, Oh! my roads are stormy—
The thunder of skies and the sea's sullen sound,
The coaster or liner, the English or foreign,
The state-room or steerage the wide world round.

And the old hag she seemed troubled
As she bent above the bed,
'He will dream things and he'll see things
'To come true when he is dead.
'He will see things all too plainly,
'And his fellows will deride,
'For his mothers they were gipsies
'All on his good mother's side.'

And my dreams are strange dreams, are day dreams,
are grey dreams,
And my dreams are wild dreams, and old dreams and
new ;

They haunt me and daunt me with fears of the
morrow—

My brothers they doubt me—but my dreams come
true.

And so I was born of fathers
From where ice-bound harbours are—
Men whose strong limbs never rested
And whose blue eyes saw afar.
Till, for gold, one left the ocean,
Seeking over plain and hill ;
And so I was born of mothers
Whose deep minds were never still.

I rest not, 'tis best not, the world is a wide one—
And, caged for an hour, I pace to and fro ; *am*
I see things and ~~dree~~ things and plan while I'm
sleeping,
I wander for ever and dream as I go.

I have stood by Table Mountain,
On the Lion at Capetown,
And I watched the sunset fading
From the roads that I marked down ;

And I looked out with my brothers
From the heights behind Bombay,
Gazing north and west and eastward,
Over roads I'll tread some day.

For my ways are strange ways and new ways and old
ways,
And deep ways and steep ways and high ways and
low ;
I'm at home and at ease on a track that I know not,
And restless and lost on a road that I know.



GENOA

A LONG farewell to Genoa
That rises to the skies,
Where the barren coast of Italy
Like our own coastline lies.
A sad farewell to Genoa,
And long my heart shall grieve,
The only city in the world
That I was loath to leave.

No sign of rush or strife is there,
No war of greed they wage.
The deep cool streets of Genoa
Are rock-like in their age.
No garish signs of commerce there
Are flaunting in the sun.
A rag hung from a balcony
Is by an artist done.

And she was fair in Genoa,
And she was very kind,
Those pale blind-seeming eyes that seem
Most beautifully blind.
Oh they are sad in Genoa,
Those poor soiled singing birds.
I had but three Italian words
And she three English words.

But love is cheap in Genoa,
Aye, love and wine are cheap,
And neither leaves an aching head,
Nor cuts the heart too deep ;
Save when the knife goes straight, and then
There's little time to grieve—
The only city in the world
That I was loath to leave.

I've said farewell to tinted days
And glorious starry nights,
I've said farewell to Naples with
Her long straight lines of lights ;
But it is not for Naples but
For Genoa that I grieve,
The only city in the world
That I was loath to leave.

THE TRACKS THAT LIE BY INDIA

Now this is not a dismal song, like some I've sung of
late,

When I've been brooding all day long about my
muddled fate ;

For though I've had a rocky time I'll never quite
forget,

And though I never was so deep in trouble and in
debt,

And though I never was so poor nor in a fix so
tight—

The tracks that run by India are shining in my
sight.

The roads that run by India, and all the ports of
call—

I'm going back to London first to raise the where-
withal.

I'll call at Suez and Port Said as I am going past
(I was too worried to take notes when I was that way
last),

At Naples and at Genoa, and, if I get the chance,
Who knows but I might run across the pleasant land
of France.

The track that runs by India goes up the hot Red
Sea—

The other side of Africa is far too dull for me.
(I fear that I have missed a chance I'll never get
again

To see the land of chivalry and bide awhile in
Spain.)

I'll graft a year in London, and if fortune smiles
on me

I'll take the track to India by France and Italy.

'Tis sweet to court some foreign girl with eyes of
lustrous glow,

Who does not know my language and whose language
I don't know ;

To loll on gently-rolling decks beneath the softening
skies,

While she sits knitting opposite, and make love with
our eyes—

The glance that says far more than words, the old
half-mystic smile—

The track that runs by India will wait for me awhile.

The tracks that run by India to China and Japan,
The tracks where all the rovers go—the tracks that
call a Man!

I'm wearied of the formal lands of parson and of
priest,

Of dollars and of fashions, and I'm drifting towards
the East;

I'm tired of cant and cackle, and of sordid jobbery—
The mystery of the East hath cast its glamour over me.

**SAY GOOD-BYE WHEN YOUR CHUM IS
MARRIED**

Now this is a rhyme that might well be carried

Gummed in your hat till the end of things :

Say Good-bye when your chum is married ;

Say Good-bye while the church-bell rings ;

Say Good-bye—if you ask why must you,

'Tis for the sake of old friendship true,

For as sure as death will his wife distrust you

And lead him on to suspect you, too.

Say Good-bye, though he be a brother,

Seek him not when you're married, too—

Things that you never would tell each other

The wives will carry as young wives do.

Say Good-bye ere their tongues shall strangle

The friendship pledged ere the lights grew dim,

For, as sure as death, will those young wives wrangle,

And drag you into it, you and him.

THE SEPARATION

We knew too little of the world,
And you and I were good—
'Twas paltry things that wrecked our lives
As well I knew they would.
The people said our love was dead,
But how were they to know?
Ah! had we loved each other less
We'd not have quarrelled so.

We knew too little of the world,
And you and I were kind,
We listened to what others said
And both of us were blind.
The people said 'twas selfishness,
But how were they to know?
Ah! had we both more selfish been
We'd not have parted so.

THE SEPARATION

But still when all seems lost on earth

Then heaven sets a sign—

Kneel down beside your lonely bed,

And I will kneel by mine,

And let us pray for happy days—

Like those of long ago.

Ah! had we knelt together then

We'd not have parted so.

RUTH

ALL is well—in a prison—to-night, and the warders
are crying ‘ All’s Well !’

I must speak, for the sake of my heart—if it’s but to
the walls of my cell.

For what does it matter to me if to-morrow I go
where I will ?

I’m as free as I ever shall be—there is naught in my
life to fulfil.

I am free ! I am haunted no more by the question
that tortured my brain :

Are you sane of a people gone mad ? or mad in a
world that is sane ?’

I have had time to rest—and to pray—and my reason
no longer is vext

By the spirit that hangs you one day, and would hail
you as martyr the next.

Are the fields of my fancy less fair through a window
that's narrowed and barred ?

Are the morning stars dimmed by the glare of the
gas-light that flares in the yard ?

No ! And what does it matter to me if to-morrow I
sail from the land ?

I am free, as I never was free ! I exult in my loneli-
ness grand !

Be a saint and a saviour of men—be a Christ, and
they'll slander and rail !

Only Crime's understood in the world, and a man is
respected—in gaol.

But I find in my raving a balm—in the worst that
has come to the worst—

Let me think of it all—I grow calm—let me think
it all out from the first.

Beyond the horizon of Self do the walls of my prison
retreat,

And I stand in a gap of the hills with the scene of
my life at my feet ;

The range to the west, and the Peak, and the marsh
where the dark ridges end,
And the spurs running down to the Creek, and the
she-oaks that sigh in the bend.

The hints of the river below ; and, away on the azure
and green,
The old goldfield of Specimen Flat, and the township—
a blotch on the scene ;
The store, the hotels, and the bank—and the gaol and
the people who come
With the weatherboard box and the tank—the Aus-
tralian idea of home :

The scribe—spirit-broken ; the 'wreck,' in his might-
have-been glory—or shame ;
The townsman 'respected' or worthy ; the workman
respectful and tame ;
The boss of the pub with his fine sense of honour,
grown moral and stout,
Like the spielers who came with the 'line,' on the
cheques that were made farther out.

The clever young churchman, despised by the swaggering, popular man ;
The doctor with hands clasped behind, and bowed head, as if under a ban ;
The one man with the brains—with the power to lead, unsuspected and dumb,
Whom Fate sets apart for the Hour—the man for the hour that *might* come.

The old local liar whose story was ancient when Egypt was young,
And the gossip who hangs on the fence and poisons God's world with her tongue ;
The haggard bush mother who'd nag, though a husband or child be divine,
And who takes a fierce joy in a rag of the clothes on the newcomer's line.

And a lad with a cloud on his heart who was lost in a world vague and dim—
No one dreamed as he drifted apart that 'twas genius the matter with him ;
Who was doomed, in that ignorant hole, to its spiritless level to sink,
Till the iron had entered his soul, and his brain found a refuge in drink.

.

Perhaps I was bitter because of the tongues of
disgrace in the town—

Of a boy-nature misunderstood and its nobler
ambitions sneered down—

Of the sense of injustice that stings till it ends in the
creed of the push—

I was born in that shadow that clings to the old
gully homes in the bush.

And I was ambitious. Perhaps as a boy I could see
things too plain—

How I wished I could write of the truths—of the
visions—that haunted my brain!

Of the bush-buried toiler denied e'en the last loving
comforts of all—

Of my father who slaved till he died in the scrub by
his wedges and maul.

Twenty years, and from daylight till dark—twenty
years it was split, fence, and grub,

And the end was a tumble-down hut and a bare,
dusty patch in the scrub.

'Twas the first time he'd rested, they said, but the
knit in his forehead was deep,

And to me the scarred hands of the dead seemed to
work as I'd seen them in sleep.

And the mother who toiled by his side, through
hardship and trouble and drought,
And who fought for the home when he died till her
heart—not her spirit—wore out :

I am shamed for Australia and haunted by the face
of the haggard bush wife—

She who fights her grim battle undaunted because she
knows nothing of life.

By the barren track travelled by few men—poor
victims of commerce, unknown—

E'en the troubles that woman tells woman she suffers,
unpitied, alone ;

Heart-dumbed and mind-dulled and benighted, Eve's
beauty in girlhood destroyed !

Till the wrongs never felt shall be righted—and the
peace never missed be enjoyed.

There was no one to understand me. I was lonely
and shy as a lad,

Or I lived in a world that was wider than ours ; so
of course I was 'mad.'

Who is not understood is a 'crank'—so I suffered
the tortures of men

Doomed to think in the bush, till I drank and went
wrong—I grew popular *then*.

There was Doctor Lebenski, my friend—and the
friend, too, of all who were down—

Clever, gloomy, and generous drunkard—the pride
and disgrace of the town.

He had been through the glory and shame of a wild
life by city and sea,

And the tales of the land whence he came had a
strong fascination for me.

And often in yarning or fancy, when she-oaks
grew misty and dim,

From the forest and straight for the camp of the
Cossack I've ridden with him :

Ridden out in the dusk with a score, ridden back ere
the dawning with ten—

Have struck at three kingdoms and Fate for the fair
land of Poland again !

He'd a sorrow that drink couldn't drown—that his
great heart was powerless to fight—

And I gathered the threads 'twixt the long, pregnant
puffs of his last pipe at night ;

For he'd say to me, sadly : ' Jack Drew '—then he'd
pause, as to watch the smoke curl—

' If a good girl should love you, be true--though you
die for it—true to the girl !

- ' A man may be false to his country—a man may be false to his friend :
- ' Be a vagabond, drunkard, a spieler—yet his soul may come right in the end ;
- ' But there is no prayer, no atonement, no drink that can banish the shade
- ' From your side, if you've one spark of manhood, of a dead girl that you have betrayed.'
-

' One chance for a fortune,' we're told, in the lives of the poorest of men—

There's a chance for a heaven on earth that comes over and over again !

'Twas for Ruth, the bank manager's niece, that the wretched old goldfield grew fair,

And she came like an angel of peace in an hour of revengeful despair.

A girl as God made her, and wise in a faith that was never estranged—

From childhood neglected and wronged, she had grown with her nature unchanged ;

And she came as an angel of Hope as I crouched on
Eternity's brink,
And the loaded revolver and rope were parts of the
horrors of drink.

I was not to be trusted, they said, within sight of a
cheque or a horse,
And the worst that was said of my name all the
gossips were glad to endorse.
But she loved me—she loved me! And why? Ask
the she-oaks that sighed in the bends—
We had suffered alike, she and I, from the blindness
of kinsfolk and friends.

A girlhood of hardship and care, for she gave the
great heart of a child
To a brother whose idol was Self, and a brother good-
natured but 'wild ;'—
And a father who left her behind when he'd
suffered too much from the moan
Of a mother grown selfish and blind in her trouble
—'twas always her own.

She was brave, and she never complained, for the
 hardships of youth that had driven
My soul to the brink of perdition, but strengthened
 the girl's faith in Heaven.

In the home that her relatives gave she was tortured
 each hour of her life
By her cruel dependence—the slave of her aunt, the
 bank-manager's wife.

Does the world know how easy to lead and how hard
 to be driven are men ?
She was leading me back with her love, to the faith of
 my childhood again !
To my boyhood's neglected ideal—to the hopes that
 were strangled at birth,
To the good and the truth of the real—to the good
 that was left on the earth.

And the sigh of the oaks seemed a hymn, and the
 waters had music for me
As I sat on the grass at her feet, and rested my head
 on her knee ;
And we seemed in a dreamland apart from the world's
 discontent and despair,
For the cynic went out of my heart at the touch of
 her hand on my hair.

.

She would talk like a matron at times, and she prattled at times like a child :

‘ I will trust you—I know you are good—you have only been careless and wild—

‘ You are clever—you’ll rise in the world—you must think of your future and me—

‘ You will give up the drink for my sake, and you don’t know how happy we’ll be ! ’

‘ I can work, I will help you,’ she said, and she’d plan out our future and home,

But I found no response in my heart save the hungry old craving to roam.

Would I follow the paths of the dead ? I was young yet. Would I settle down

To the life that our parents had led by the dull, paltry-spirited town ?

For the ghost of the cynic was there, and he waited and triumphed at last—

One night—I’d been drinking, because of a spectre that rose from the past—

My trust had so oft been betrayed : that at last I had turned to distrust—

My sense of injustice so keen that my anger was always unjust.

Would I sacrifice all for a wife, who was free now to
put on my hat

And to go far away from the life—from the home
life of Specimen Flat?

Would I live as our fathers had lived to the finish?
And what was it worth?

A woman's reproach in the end—of all things most
unjust on the earth.

The old rebel stirred in my blood, and he whispered,
'What matter?' 'Why not?'

And she trembled and paled, for the kiss that I gave
her was reckless and hot.

And the angel that watched o'er her slept, and the
oaks sighed aloud in the creek

As we sat in a shadow that crept from a storm-cloud
that rose on the Peak.

There's a voice warns the purest and best of their
danger in love or in strife,

But that voice is a knell to her honour who loves with
the love of her life!

And 'Ruth—Ruth!' I whispered at last in a voice
that was not like my own—

She trembled and clung to me fast with a sigh that
was almost a moan.

While you listen and doubt, and incline to the devil
that plucks at your sleeve—

When the whispers of angels have failed—then
Heaven speaks once I believe.

The lightning leapt out—in a flash only seen by those
ridges and creeks,

And the darkness shut down with a crash that I
thought would have riven the peaks.

By the path through the saplings we ran, as the great
drops came pattering down,

To the first of the low-lying ridges that lay between
us and the town ;

Where she suddenly drew me aside with that beautiful
instinct of love

As the clatter of hoofs reached our ears—and a
horseman loomed darkly above.

'Twas the Doctor : he reined up and sat for the first
moment pallid and mute,

Then he lifted his hand to his hat with his old-
fashioned martial salute,

And he said with a glance at the ridge, looming black
with its pine-tops awhirl,

'Take my coat, you are caught in the storm !' and he
whispered, ' Be true to the girl !'

.

He rode on—to a sick bed, maybe some twenty miles
back in the bush,

And we hurried on through the gloom, and I still
seemed to hear in the 'woosh'

Of the wind in the saplings and oaks, in the gums
with their top boughs awhirl—

In the voice of the gathering tempest—the warning,
'Be true to the girl!'

And I wrapped the coat round her, and held her so
close that I felt her heart thump

When the lightning leapt out, as we crouched in the
lee of the shell of a stump—

And there seemed a strange fear in her eyes and the
colour had gone from her cheek—

And she scarcely had uttered a word since the hot
brutal kiss by the creek.

The storm rushed away to the west—to the ridges
drought-stricken and dry—

To the eastward loomed far-away peaks 'neath the still
starry arch of the sky;

By the light of the full moon that swung from a cur-
tain of cloud like a lamp,

I saw that my tent had gone down in the storm, as
we passed by the camp.

'Tis a small thing, or chance, such as this, that decides
between hero and cur

In one's heart. I was wet to the skin, and my com-
fort was precious to her.

And her aunt was away in the city—the dining-room
fire was alight,

And the uncle was absent—he drank with some
friends at the Royal that night.

He came late, and passed to his room without
glancing at her or at me—

Too straight and precise, be it said, for a man who
was sober to be.

Then the drop of one boot on the floor (there was no
wife to witness his guilt),

And a moment thereafter a snore that proclaimed
that he slept on the quilt.

Was it vanity, love, or revolt? Was it joy that came
into my life?

As I sat there with her in my arms, and caressed her
and called her 'My wife!'

Ah, the coward! But my heart shall bleed, though I
live on for fifty long years,

For she could not cry out, only plead with eyes that
were brimming with tears.

Not the passion so much brings remorse, but the
thought of the treacherous part
I'd have played in a future already planned out—ay!
endorsed in my heart!

When a good woman falls for the sake of a love that
has blinded her eyes,
There is pardon, perhaps, for his lust; but what
heaven could pardon the lies?

And 'What does it matter?' I said. 'You are mine,
I am yours—and for life.

'He is drunk and asleep—he won't hear, and to-
morrow you shall be my wife!'

There's an hour in the memory of most that we hate
ever after and loathe—

'Twas the daylight that came like a ghost to her
window that startled us both.

.....

'Twixt the door of her room and the door of the office
I stood for a space,
When a treacherous board in the floor sent a crack
like a shot through the place!—

Then the creak of a step and the click of a lock in
the manager's room—

I grew cold to the stomach and sick, as I trembled
and shrank in the gloom.

He faced me, revolver in hand—'Now I know you,
you treacherous whelp!

'Stand still, where you are, or I'll fire!' and he
suddenly shouted for help.

'Help! Burglary!' Yell after yell—such a voice
would have wakened the tomb;

And I heard her scream once, and she fell like a log
on the floor of her room!

And I thought of her then like a flash—of the foul
fiend of gossip that drags

A soul to perdition—I thought of the treacherous
tongues of the hags;

She would sacrifice all for my sake—she would tell
the whole township the truth.

I'd escape, send the Doctor a message and die—ere
they took me—for Ruth!

Then I rushed him—a struggle—a flash—I was down
with a shot in my arm—

Up again, and a desperate fight—hurried footsteps
and cries of alarm—

A mad struggle, a blow on the head—and the gossips
will fill in the blank

With the tale of the capture of Drew on the night
he broke into the bank.

In the cell at the lock-up all day and all night, with-
out pause through my brain

Whirled the scenes of my life to the last one—and
over and over again

I paced the small cell, till exhaustion brought sleep—
and I woke to the past

Like a man metamorphosed—clear-headed, and strong
in a purpose at last.

She would sacrifice all for my sake—she would tell the
whole township the truth—

In the mood I was in I'd have given my life for a
moment with Ruth ;

But still, as I thought, from without came the voice
of the constable's wife ;

'They say it's brain fever, poor girl, and the doctor
despairs of her life.'

'He has frightened the poor girl to death—such a pity—so pretty and young,'

So the voice of a gossip chimed in : ' And the wretch! he deserves to be hung.

'They were always a bad lot, the Drews, and I knowed he was more rogue than crank,

'And he only pretended to court her so's to know his way into the bank!'

Came the doctor at last with his voice hard and cold and a face like a stone—

Hands behind, but it mattered not then—'twas a fight I must fight out alone :

'You have cause to be thankful,' he said, as though speaking a line from the past—

'She was conscious an hour ; she is dead, and she called for you, Drew, till the last !

'Ay! And I knew the truth, but I lied. She fought for the truth, but I lied ;

'And I said you were well and were coming, and, listening and waiting, she died.

'God forgive you ! I warned you in time. You will suffer while reason endures :

'For the rest, you will know only I have the key of her story—and yours.'

.

The curious crowd in the court seemed to me but as
ghosts from the past,
As the words of the charge were read out, like a
hymn from the first to the last ;
I repeated the words I'd rehearsed—in a voice that
seemed strangely away—
In their place, 'I am guilty,' I said ; and again, 'I
have nothing to say.'

I realised then, and stood straight—would I shrink
from the eyes of the clown—
From the eyes of the sawney who'd boast of success
with a girl of the town ?
But there is human feeling in men which is easy, or
hard, to define :
Every eye, as I glanced round the court, was cast
down, or averted from mine.

Save the doctor's—it seemed to me then as if he
and I stood there alone—
For a moment he looked in my eyes with a wonderful
smile in his own,
Slowly lifted his hand in salute, turned and walked
from the court-room, and then
From the rear of the crowd came the whisper : 'The
Doctor's been boozing again !'

I could laugh at it then from the depth of the bitter-
ness still in my heart,
At the ignorant stare of surprise, at the constables'
'Arder in Car-rt!'
But I know. Oh, I understand now how the poor
tortured heart cries aloud
For a flame from High Heaven to wither the grin on
the face of a crowd.

Then the Judge spoke harshly; I stood with my
fluttering senses aw whirl :
My crime, he said sternly, had cost the young life of
an innocent girl ;
I'd brought sorrow and death to a home, I was worse
than a murderer now ;
And the sentence he passed on me there was the
worst that the law would allow. . . .

Let me rest—I grow weary and faint. Let me
breathe—but what value is breath ?
Ah! the pain in my heart—as of old ; and I know
what it is—it is death.

LETTER

~~_____~~ To the world
~~_____~~
~~_____~~ to have passed
~~_____~~
~~_____~~ Let
~~_____~~
Lo, a
~~_____~~
Oh, my
~~_____~~
with
~~_____~~
the
~~_____~~ in my heart
~~_____~~
~~_____~~
~~_____~~

THE CLIFFS

THEY sing of the grandeur of cliffs inland,
But the cliffs of the ocean are truly grand ;
And I long to wander and dream and doubt
Where the cliffs by the ocean run out and out.

To the northward far as the eye can reach
Are sandhill, boulder, and sandy beach ;
But southward rises the track for me,
Where the cliffs by the ocean run out to sea.

Friends may be gone in the morning fair,
But the cliffs by the ocean are always there ;
Lovers may leave when the wind is chill,
But the cliffs by the ocean are steadfast still.

They watch the sea and they ward the land,
And they warn the ships from the treacherous sand ;
And I sadly think in the twilight hour
What I might have been had I known my power.

Where the smoke-cloud blurs and the white sails fill,
They point the ships to keep seaward still ;
And I think—Ah, me !—and I think—Ah, me !
Of the wreck I'd saved had I kept to sea.

Oh ! the cliffs are old and the cliffs are sad,
And they know me sane, while men deem me mad.
Oh ! the cliffs are firm and the cliffs are strong,
And they know me right, while men deem me wrong

And I sometimes think in the dawning gray,
I am old as they, I am old as they ;
And I think, I think that in field and town
My spirit shall live till the cliffs come down.

BOURKE

I'VE followed all my tracks and ways, from old bark
school to Leicester Square,

I've been right back to boyhood's days, and found no
light or pleasure there.

But every dream and every track—and there were
many that I knew—

They all lead on, or they lead back, to Bourke in
Ninety-one, and two.

No sign that green grass ever grew in scrubs that
blazed beneath the sun ;

The plains were dust in Ninety-two, that baked to
bricks in Ninety-one.

On glaring iron-roofs of Bourke, the scorching, blind-
ing sandstorms blew,

And there was nothing beautiful in Ninety-one and
Ninety-two.

Save grit and generosity of hearts that broke and
healed again—

The hottest drought that ever blazed could never
parch the hearts of men ;

And they were men in spite of all, and they were
straight, and they were true,

The hat went round at trouble's call, in Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

They drank, when all is said and done, they gambled,
and their speech was rough—

You'd only need to say of one—'He was my mate!'
that was enough.

To hint a bushman was not white, nor to his Union
straight and true,

Would mean a long and bloody fight in Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

The yard behind the Shearers' Arms was reckoned
best of battle grounds,

And there in peace and quietness they fought their
ten or fifteen rounds ;

And then they washed the blood away, and then
shook hands, as strong men do—

And washed away the bitterness—in Ninety-one and
Ninety-two.

The Army on the grand old creek was mighty in those
days gone by,
For they had sisters who could shriek, and brothers
who could testify ;
And by the muddy waterholes, they tackled sin till
all was blue—
They took our bobs and damned our souls in Ninety-
one and Ninety-two.

By shanty bars and shearing sheds, they took their
toll and did their work—
But now and then they lost their heads, and raved of
hotter hells than Bourke :
The only message from the dead that ever came dis-
tinctly through—
Was—' Send my overcoat to hell '—it came to Bourke
in Ninety-two.

I know they drank, and fought, and died—some
fighting fiends on blazing tracks—
I don't remember that they lied, or crawled behind each
others' backs ;
I don't remember that they loafed, or left a mate to
battle through—
Ah ! men knew how to stick to men in Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

They're scattered wide and scattered far—by fan-like
tracks, north, east, and west—

The cruel New Australian star drew off the bravest
and the best.

The Cape and Klondyke claim their bones, the streets
of London damned a few,

And jingo-cursed Australia mourns for Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

For ever westward in the land, Australians hear—and
will not heed—

The murmur of the board-room, and the sure and
stealthy steps of greed—

Bourke was a fortress on the track! and garrisons
were grim and true

To hold the spoilers from Out Back, in Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

I hear it in the ridges lone, and in the dread drought-
stricken wild—

I hear at times a woman's moan—the whimper of a
hungry child :

And—let the cynics say the word : 'a godless gang,
a drunken crew'—

But these were things I never heard in Ninety-one
and Ninety-two.

They say that things have changed out there, and
western towns have altered quite :

They don't know how to drink and swear, they've
half forgotten how to fight ;

They've almost lost the strength to trust, the faith in
mateship to be true—

The heart that grew in drought and dust in Ninety-
one and Ninety-two.

We've learned to laugh the bitter laugh since then—
we've travelled, you and I ;

The sneaking little paragraph, the dirty trick, the
whispered lie

Are known to us—the little men—whose souls are
rotten through and through—

We called them scabs and crawlers then, in Ninety-
one and Ninety-two.

And could I roll the summers back, or bring the dead
time on again ;

Or from the grave or world-wide track, call back to
Bourke the vanished men,

With mind content I'd go to sleep, and leave those
mates to judge me true,

And leave my name to Bourke to keep—the Bourke
of Ninety-one and two.

THE STRINGY-BARK TREE

THERE's the whitebox and pine on the ridges afar,
Where the iron-bark, blue-gum, and peppermint are ;
There is many another, but dearest to me,
And the king of them all was the stringy-bark tree.

Then of stringy-bark slabs were the walls of the hut,
And from stringy-bark saplings the rafters were cut ;
And the roof that long sheltered my brothers and me
Was of broad sheets of bark from the stringy-bark
tree.

And when sawn-timber homes were built out in the
West,
Then for walls and for ceilings its wood was the best ;
And for shingles and palings to last while men be,
There was nothing on earth like the stringy-bark tree.

Far up the long gullies the timber-trucks went,
Over tracks that seemed hopeless, by bark hut and
tent ;
And the gaunt timber-finder, who rode at his ease,
Led them on to a gully of stringy-bark trees.

Now still from the ridges, by ways that are dark,
Come the shingles and palings they call stringy-bark ;
Though you ride through long gullies a twelve months
you'll see
But the old whitened stumps of the stringy-bark tree.

THE BUSH FIRE

AH, better the thud of the deadly gun, and the crash
of the bursting shell,
Than the terrible silence where drought is fought out
there in the western hell ;
And better the rattle of rifles near, or the thunder on
deck at sea,
Than the sound—most hellish of all to hear—of a fire
where it should not be.

On the runs to the west of the Dingo Scrubs there
was drought, and ruin, and death,
And the sandstorm came from the dread north-east
with the blast of a furnace-breath ;
Till at last one day, at the fierce sunrise, a boundary-
rider woke,
And saw, in the place of the distant haze, a curtain
of light blue smoke.

There is saddling-up by the cockey's hut, and out in
the station yard,

And away to the north, north-east, north-west, the
bushmen are riding hard.

The pickets are out and many a scout, and many a
mulga wire,

While Bill and Jim, with their faces grim, are riding
to meet the fire.

It roars for days in the hopeless scrubs, and across,
where the ground seems bare,

With a cackle and hiss, like the hissing of snakes, the
fire is travelling there ;

Till at last, exhausted by sleeplessness, and the terrible
toil and heat,

The squatter is crying, ' My God ! the wool ! ' and the
farmer, ' My God ! the wheat ! '

But there comes a drunkard (who reels as he rides),
with the news from the roadside pub :—

' Pat Murphy—the cockey—cut off by the fire!—
way back in the Dingo Scrub ! '

' Let the wheat and the woolshed go to '— Well,
they do as each great heart bids ;

They are riding a race for the Dingo Scrub—for Pat
and his wife and kids.

And who is leading the race with death? An ill-
matched three, you'll allow ;
Flash Jim the breaker and Boozing Bill (who is riding
steadily now),
And Constable Dunn, of the Mounted Police, is riding
between the two
(He wants Flash Jim, but the job can wait till they
get the Murphys through).

As they strike the track through the blazing scrub,
the trooper is heard to shout :
' We'll take them on to the Two-mile Tank, if we can-
not bring them out !'
A half-mile more, and the rest rein back, retreating,
half-choked, half-blind ;
And the three are gone from the sight of men, and
the bush fire roars behind.

The Bushman wiped the tears of smoke, and like
Bushmen wept and swore ;
' Poor Bill will be wanting his drink to-night as never
he did before.'

'And Dunn was the best in the whole damned force!'
says a client of Dunn's, with pride ;
I reckon he'll serve his summons on Jim—when they
get to the other side.

It is daylight again, and the fire is past, and the
black scrub silent and grim,
Except for the blaze of an old dead tree, or the crash
of a falling limb ;
And the Bushmen are riding again on the run, with
hearts and with eyes that fill,
To look for the bodies of Constable Dunn, Flash Jim,
and Boozing Bill.

They are found in the mud of the Two-mile Tank,
where a fiend might scarce survive,
But the Bushmen gather from words they hear that
the bodies are much alive.
There is Swearing Pat, with his grey beard singed,
and his language of lurid hue,
And his tough old wife, and his half-baked kids, and
the three who dragged them through.

Old Pat is deploring his burnt-out home, and his wife
the climate warm ;

And Jim the loss of his favourite horse, and Dunn
his uniform ;

And Boozing Bill, with a raging thirst, is cursing the
Dingo Scrub—

He'll only ask for the loan of a flask and a lift to the
nearest pub.

.

Flash Jim the Breaker is lying low—blue-paper is
after him,

And Dunn, the trooper, is riding his rounds with a
blind eye out for Jim,

And Boozing Bill is fighting D.T's. in the township of
Sudden Jerk—

When they're wanted again in the Dingo Scrubs,
they'll be there to do the work.

THE BILL OF THE AGES

He shall live to the end of this mad old world, he has
lived since the world began,

He never has done any good for himself, but was good
to every man.

He never has done any good for himself, and I'm sure
that he never will,

He drinks and he swears and he fights at times, and
his name is mostly Bill.

He carried a freezing mate to his cave, and nursed
him, for all I know,

When Europe was mostly a sheet of ice, thousands of
years ago.

He has stuck to many a mate since then, he is with
us everywhere still

(He loves and gambles when he is young, and the
girls stick up for Bill.)

He has rowed to a wreck, when the lifeboat failed,
with Jim in a crazy boat ;

He has given his lifebelt many a time, and sunk that
another might float.

He has 'stood 'em off' while others escaped, when the
niggers rushed from the hill,

And rescue parties who came too late have found
what was left of Bill.

He has thirsted on deserts that others might drink,
he has given lest others should lack,

He has staggered half-blinded through fire or drought
with a sick man on his back.

He is first to the rescue in tunnel or shaft, from New-
castle to Broken Hill,

When the water breaks in or the fire breaks out, Oh !
a leader of men is Bill.

No humane societies' medals he wears for the fearful
deaths he braved ;

He seems ashamed of the good he did, and ashamed of
the lives he saved.

If you chance to know of a noble deed he has done,
you had best keep still ;

If you chance to know of a kindly act, you mustn't
let on to Bill.

He is fierce at a wrong, he is firm in right, he is kind
to the weak and mild ;

He will slave all day and sit up all night by the side
of a neighbour's child.

For a woman in trouble he'd lay down his life, nor
think as another man will ;

He's a man all through, but no other man's wife has
ever been worse for Bill.

He is good for the noblest sacrifice, he can do what
few other men can ;

He can break his heart that the girl he loves may
marry a better man.

There's many a mother and wife to-night whose heart
and whose eyes will fill

When she thinks of the days of the long ago when
she well might have stuck to Bill.

Maybe he's in trouble or hard up now, and travelling
far for work,

Or fighting a dead past down to-night in a lone camp
west of Bourke.

When he's happy and flush, take your sorrow to him
and borrow as much as you will ;

But when he's in trouble or stony-broke, you never
will hear from Bill.

And when, because of its million sins, this earth is
cracked like a shell,

He will stand by a mate at the Judgment Seat!—and
comfort him down in—Well,

I haven't much sentiment left, but let the cynic sneer
as he will ;

Perhaps God will fix up the world again for the sake
of the likes of Bill.

WARATAH AND WATTLE

THOUGH poor and in trouble I wander alone,
 With a rebel cockade in my hat ;
Though friends may desert me, and kindred disown,
 My country will never do that !
You may sing of the Shamrock, the Thistle, and
 Rose,
 Or the three in a bunch if you will ;
But I know of a country that gathered all those,
And I love the great land where the Waratah grows,
 And the Wattle-bough blooms on the hill.

Australia ! Australia ! so fair to behold—
 While the blue sky is arching above ;
The stranger should never have need to be told,
That the Wattle-bloom means that her heart is of
 gold,
 And the Waratah red blood of love.

Australia ! Australia ! most beautiful name,
Most kindly and bountiful land ;
I would die every death that might save her from
shame,
If a black cloud should rise on the strand ;
But whatever the quarrel, whoever her foes,
Let them come ! Let them come when they will !
Though the struggle be grim, 'tis Australia that
knows,
That her children shall fight while the Waratah
grows,
And the Wattle blooms out on the hill.

MY LAND AND I

THEY have eaten their fill at your tables spread,
Like friends since the land was won ;
And they rise with a cry of ' Australia's dead ! '
With the wheeze of ' Australia's done ! '
Oh, the theme is stale, but they tell the tale
(How the weak old tale will keep !)
Like the crows that croak on a splintered rail,
That have gorged on a rotten sheep.

I would sing a song in your darkest hour—
In your darkest hour and mine—
For I see the dawn of your wealth and power,
And I see your bright star shine.
The little men yelp and the little men lie,
And they spread the lies afar ;
But we heed them never, my Land and I,
For we know how small they are.

They know you not in a paltry town—

In the streets where great hopes die—

Oh, heart that never a flood could drown,

And never a drought could dry!

Stand forth from the rim where the red sun dips,

Strong son of the land's own son—

With the grin of grit on your drought-chapped lips

And say, is your country done?

Stand forth from the land where the sunset dies,

By the desolate lonely shed,

With the smile of faith in your blighted eyes,

And say, is your country dead?

They see no future, they know no past—

The parasite cur and clown,

Who talk of ruin and death to last

When a man or a land is down.

God sends for answer the rain, the rain,

And away on the western lease,

The limitless plain grows green again,

And the fattening stock increase.

We'll lock your rivers, my land, my land,

Dig lakes on the furthest run—

While down in the corners where houses stand,

They drivel, 'Australia's done!'

The parasites dine at your tables spread
 (As my enemies did at mine),
And they croak and gurgle, ' Australia's dead
 While they guzzle Australian wine.
But we heed them never, my land, my land,
 For we know how small they are,
And we see the signs of a future grand,
 As we gaze on a rising star.

THE MEN WHO LIVE IT DOWN

I HAVE sinned, like others, blindly, without thought
and without fear,
And my best friends say it kindly, ' You should go
away from here.'
Shall I fly the paltry spirit of a narrow little town,
While the battle-drums are beating for the men who
live it down ?

Down the street where all men know me I can walk
with level eyes,
They believe the lies about me, they can sneer, but I
despise.
From my black and bitter childhood, from my dull
and joyless youth,
It is I who—it is I who—I and Christ who know the
truth !

I have sinned, but as a man might; like a man I'll rise
again

From long nights of mental torture, from long days of
care and pain.

Pass me by with eyes averted, with a shrug or with a
frown,

But their heads shall bow in ashes long ere my head
shall go down !

Ah ! the curs, who dare not trespass, quick to sneer
and quick to blame ;

But the wider world is kinder—it takes long to damn
a name.

There's a heart that's worth a million and a head
that's worth a crown,

And the flash of bright eyes sometimes for the men
who live it down.

There's a hand-grip close and silent, firm in trust and
sympathy,

Sends the old thrill through my being, sends the old
hopes up in me.

There is one who'll stand beside me when the screen
is round my bed,

And the godly pass their stricture on the sinner who
is dead.

When the crape is round my picture and my mad,
wild spirit's free—

And you realise how little you have ever known of me,
When the worst is said and printed by the coward
and the clown,

Then, I trust, a friend might answer—'There lies
one who lived it down.'

WHEN YOUR PANTS BEGIN TO GO

WHEN you wear a cloudy collar and a shirt that isn't
white,

And you cannot sleep for thinking how you'll reach
to-morrow night,

You may be a man of sorrows, and on speaking terms
with Care,

But as yet you're unacquainted with the Demon of
Despair ;

For I rather think that nothing heaps the trouble on
your mind

Like the knowledge that your trousers badly need a
patch behind.

I have noticed, when misfortune strikes the hero of
the play,

That his clothes are worn and tattered in a most
unlikely way ;

And the gods applaud and cheer him while he whines
and loafs around,
And they never seem to notice that his pants are
mostly sound;
But, of course, he cannot help it, for our mirth would
mock his care,
If the ceiling of his trousers showed the patches of
repair.

You are none the less a hero if you elevate your
chin
When you feel the pavement wearing through the
leather, sock, and skin;
You are rather more heroic than are ordinary folk
If you scorn to fish for pity under cover of a
joke;
You will face the doubtful glances of the people that
you know;
But—of course, you're bound to face them when your
pants begin to go.

If, when flush, you took your pleasures—failed to
make a god of Pelf,
Some will say that for your troubles you can only
thank yourself—

Some will swear you'll die a beggar, but you only
laugh at that
While your garments hang together and you wear a
decent hat ;
You may laugh at their predictions while your soles
are wearing low,
But—a man's an awful coward when his pants begin
to go.

Though the present and the future may be anything
but bright,
It is best to tell the fellows that you're getting on all
right.
And a man prefers to say it—'tis a manly lie to tell,
For the folks may be persuaded that you're doing
very well ;
But it's hard to be a hero, and it's hard to wear a
grin,
When your most important garment is in places very
thin.

Get some sympathy and comfort from the chum who
knows you best,
That your sorrows won't run over in the presence of
the rest ;

128 WHEN YOUR PANTS BEGIN TO GO

There's a chum that you can go to when you feel
inclined to whine,
He'll declare your coat is tidy, and he'll say : 'Just
look at mine !'
Though you may be patched all over he will say it
doesn't show,
And he'll swear it can't be noticed when your pants
begin to go.

Brother mine, and of misfortune! times are hard, but
do not fret,
Keep your courage up and struggle, and we'll laugh
at these things yet.
Though there is no corn in Egypt, surely Africa has
some—
Keep your smile in working order for the better days
to come !
We will often laugh together at the hard times that
we know,
And get measured by the tailor when our pants begin
to go.

.

Now the lady of refinement, in the lap of comfort
rocked,

Chancing on these rugged verses, will pretend that
she is shocked.

Leave her to her smelling-bottle; 'tis the wealthy
who decide

That the world should hide its patches 'neath the
cruel cloak of pride;

And I think there's something noble, and I'll swear
there's nothing low,

In the pride of Human Nature when its pants begin
to go.

ROBBIE'S STATUE

GROWN tired of mourning for my sins—

And brooding over merits—

The other night with bothered brow

I went amongst the spirits ;

And I met one that I knew well :

' Oh, Scotty's Ghost, is that you ?

And did you see the fearsome crowd

' At Robbie Burns's statue ?

' They hurried up in hansom cabs,

' Tall-hatted and frock-coated ;

' They trained it in from all the towns,

' The weird and hairy-throated ;

' They spoke in some outlandish tongue,

' They cut some comic capers,

' And ilka man was wild to get

' His name in all the papers.

- 'They showed no gleam of intellect,
'Those frauds who rushed before us ;
'They knew one verse of "Auld Lang Syne—"
'The first one and the chorus :
'They clacked the clack o' Scotlan's Bard,
'They glibly talked of "Rabby ;"
'But what if he had come to them
'Without a groat and shabby ?

'They drank and wept for Robbie's sake,
'They stood and brayed like asses
'(The living bard's a drunken rake,
'The dead one loved the lasses) ;
'If Robbie Burns were here, they'd sit
'As still as any mouse is ;
'If Robbie Burns should come their way,
'They'd turn him out their houses.

'Oh, weep for bonny Scotland's bard !
'And praise the Scottish nation,
'Who made him spy and let him die
'Heart-broken in privation :
'Exciseman, so that he might live
'Through northern winters' rigours—
'Just as in southern lands they give
'The hard-up rhymer figures.

'We need some songs of stinging fun
'To wake the States and light 'em ;
'I wish a man like Robert Burns
'Were here to-day to write 'em !
'But still the mockery shall survive
'Till the Day o' Judgment crashes—
'The men we scorn when we're alive
'With praise insult our ashes.'

And Scotty's ghost said : 'Never mind
'The fleas that you inherit ;
'The living bard can flick them off—
'They cannot hurt his spirit.
'The crawlers round the bardie's name
'Shall crawl through all the ages ;
'His work's the living thing, and they
Are fly-dirt on the pages.'

June, 1906.

SELECTED LIST OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

ANGUS & ROBERTSON

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY

89 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

IRRIGATION from Artesian and River Waters,
and **LAND DRAINAGE**, with Special Reference to the Geological Development and Utilisation of Artesian and Sub-artesian Supplies.

By W. GIBBONS COX, C.E.

With about 80 illustrations and a coloured map. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 6s. (*post free 6s. 5d.*) [Nearly Ready.]

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLFER.

By D. G. SOUTAR, Amateur Champion of Australasia, 1903; Amateur Champion of New South Wales, 1903-4; Open Champion of Australasia, 1905.

With 50 plates and numerous diagrams in the text. Demy 8vo., cloth gilt. [Shortly.]

DANTE'S INFERNO:

A Metrical Translation.

By the RIGHT HON. SIR SAMUEL WALKER GRIFFITH, G.C.M.G., P.O., Chief Justice of the High Court of Australia.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt. [Shortly.]

THE COMMONWEALTH SERIES

Crown 8vo., picture cover, 1s. each (*postage 3d.*)

-
- THE OLD BUSH SONGS.** *Edited by A. B. PATERSON*
- WHEN I WAS KING : New Verses.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- THE ELDER SON : New Verses.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- JOE WILSON : Stories.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- JOE WILSON'S MATES : Stories.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- ON THE TRACK : Stories.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- OVER THE SLIPRAILS : Stories.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- POPULAR VERSES.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- HUMOROUS VERSES.** *By HENRY LAWSON*
- WHILE THE BILLY BOILS : Stories.—First Series.**
By HENRY LAWSON
- WHILE THE BILLY BOILS : Stories.—Second Series.**
By HENRY LAWSON
- MY CHINEE COOK, AND OTHER HUMOROUS VERSES.**
By BRUNTON STEPHENS
- HISTORY OF AUSTRALASIA : From the Earliest Times to
the Inauguration of the Commonwealth.**
By A. W. JOSE
- HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGING.**
By CHARLES WHITE
- PART I.—THE EARLY DAYS.**
- PART II.—1850 TO 1862.**
- PART III.—1863 TO 1869.**
- PART IV.—1869 TO 1878.**

. For press notices of these books see the cloth-bound editions
on pages 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 12, 13, and 17 of this catalogue.

WHEN I WAS KING, AND OTHER VERSES.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Fifth thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt,
3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*)

Also in two parts, entitled "When I Was King," and "The Elder Son." See page 2.

Sydney Morning Herald : "He is known wherever the English language is spoken; he is the very god of the idolatry of Australian bushmen; . . . he has written more and is better known than any other Australian of his age. . . . There is a musical lilt about his verses which makes these dwell in the memory, and there is in them also a revelation of truth and strength. . . . 'When I Was King' contains work of which many a craftsman in words might well be proud . . . lines that Walt Whitman—a master of rhythm when he liked, and a worshipper of it always—would have been proud to claim as his own."

Brisbane Daily Mail : "The present volume is new and yet old—there is the same vigorous speech, ringing phrase, swinging rhythm, and big human heart pulsing through these poems as in his other works. There is, too, a freshness, a dramatic power, and an intensity of expression which shows Mr. Lawson at his best."

Daily Telegraph : "Not only is this fine, rousing invocation and good poetry; not only does it display Mr. Lawson on the slogan-note he raises so clearly and holds so well; it renders no more than due credit to the indomitable people of rural Australia, whose lot . . . exhales the hope and trust in country without which there is no real patriotism."

WHEN THE WORLD WAS WIDE AND OTHER VERSES.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Twelfth thousand. With photogravure portrait and vignette title. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 5d.*)

The Academy : "These ballads (for such they mostly are) abound in spirit and manhood, in the colour and smell of Australian soil. They deserve the popularity which they have won in Australia, and which, we trust, this edition will now give them in England."

VERSES: POPULAR AND HUMOROUS.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Tenth thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*)

For cheaper edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

FRANCIS THOMPSON, in *The Daily Chronicle* : "He is a writer of strong and ringing ballad verse, who gets his blows straight in, and at his best makes them all tell. He can vignette the life he knows in a few touches, and in this book shows an increased power of selection."

New York Evening Journal : "Such pride as a man feels when he has true greatness as his guest, this newspaper feels in introducing to a million readers a man of ability hitherto unknown to them. Henry Lawson is his name."

ON THE TRACK AND OVER THE SLIPRAILS: Stories.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Sixteenth thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*).

For Cheaper Edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

Daily Chronicle: "Will well sustain the reputation its author has already won as the best writer of Australian short stories and sketches the literary world knows.

Pall Mall Gazette: "The volume now received will do much to enhance the author's reputation. There is all the quiet irresistible humour of Dickens in the description of 'The Darling River,' and the creator of 'Truthful James' never did anything better in the way of character sketches than Steelman and Mitchell."

JOE WILSON AND HIS MATES.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Eighth thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*).

For Cheaper Edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

The Athenæum (London): "This is a long way the best work Mr. Lawson has yet given us. These stories are so good that (from the literary point of view, of course) one hopes they are not autobiographical. As autobiography they would be good; as pure fiction they are more of an attainment."

The Academy: "It is this rare convincing tone of this Australian writer that gives him a great value. The most casual 'newspapery' and apparently artless art of this Australian writer carries with it a truer, finer, more delicate commentary on life than all the idealistic works of any of our genteel school of writers."

WHILE THE BILLY BOILS: Stories.

By HENRY LAWSON.

Twenty-fourth thousand. With eight plates and vignette title, by F. P. Mahony. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*)

For Cheaper Edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

The Academy: "A book of honest, direct, sympathetic, humorous writing about Australia from within is worth a library of travellers' tales. . . . The result is a real book—a book in a hundred. His language is terse, supple, and richly idiomatic. He can tell a yarn with the best."

The Scotsman: "There is no lack of dramatic imagination in the construction of the tales; and the best of them contrive to construct a strong sensational situation in a couple of pages."

THE WORKS OF HENRY LAWSON.

Three volumes of verse and three of prose sketches, all uniformly bound in green cloth, with gilt titles, enclosed in a handsome cloth-covered case of same colour, with hinged lid. 25s. per set.

CONTENTS.

VERSE: In the Days When the World was Wide.

When I Was King, and Other Verses.

Verses, Popular and Humorous.

PROSE: While the Billy Boils.

On the Track and Over the Sliprails.

Joe Wilson and His Mates.

THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER AND OTHER VERSES.

By A. B. PATERSON.

Thirty-second thousand. With photogravure portrait and vignette title. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 5d.*)

The Literary Year Book : "The immediate success of this book of bush ballads is without parallel in Colonial literary annals, nor can any living English or American poet boast so wide a public, always excepting Mr. Rudyard Kipling."

The Times : "At his best he compares not unfavourably with the author of 'Barrack Room Ballads.'"

Spectator : "These lines have the true lyrical cry in them. Eloquent and ardent verses."

Athenæum : "Swinging, rattling ballads of ready humour, ready pathos, and crowding adventure. . . . Stirring and entertaining ballads about great rides, in which the lines gallop like the very hoofs of the horses."

Mr. A. PATCHETT MARTIN, in *Literature* (London) : "In my opinion, it is the absolutely un-English, thoroughly Australian style and character of these new bush bards which has given them such immediate popularity, such wide vogue, among all classes of the rising native generation."

London: Macmillan & Co., Limited.

RIO GRANDE'S LAST RACE AND OTHER VERSES.

By A. B. PATERSON.

Fifth thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 5d.*).

Spectator : "There is no mistaking the vigour of Mr. Paterson's verse ; there is no difficulty in feeling the strong human interest which moves in it."

Daily Mail : "Every way worthy of the man who ranks with the first of Australian poets."

Scotsman : "At once naturalistic and imaginative, and racy without being slangy, the poems have always a strong human interest of every-day life to keep them going. They make a book which should give an equal pleasure to simple and to fastidious readers."

Bookman : "Now and again a deeper theme, like an echo from the older, more experienced land, leads him to more serious singing, and proves that real poetry is, after all, universal. It is a hearty book."

Daily Chronicle : "Mr. Paterson has powerful and varied sympathies, coupled with a genuine lyrical impulse, and some skill, which make his attempts always attractive and usually successful."

Glasgow Herald : "These are all entertaining, their rough and ready wit and virility of expression making them highly acceptable, while the dash of satire gives point to the humour."

London : Macmillan & Co., Limited.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF BRUNTON STEPHENS.

New edition, with photogravure portrait.
Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 5d.*)

See also Commonwealth Series, page 2.

The Times: "This collection of the works of the Queensland poet, who has for a generation deservedly held a high place in Australian literature, well deserves study."

Daily News: "In turning over the pages of this volume one is struck by his breadth, his versatility, his compass, as evidenced in theme, sentiment, and style."

HOW HE DIED, AND OTHER POEMS.

By JOHN FARRELL.

With Memoir, Appreciations, and photogravure portrait. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 4d.*)

Melbourne Age: "Farrell's contributions to the literature of this country were always distinguished by a fine, stirring optimism, a genuine sympathy, and an idealistic sentiment which in the book under notice find their fullest expression."

The World's News: "It is a volume which no Australian reader can afford to be without. John Farrell was a vigorous writer, one, too, in whom the poetic spirit was very strong, and he had the gift of expressing himself in terse language. Had he written nothing else than 'Australia to England,' his name would live for all time."

A BUSH GIRL'S SONGS.

By 'RENA WALLACE.

With portrait. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, gilt top, 5s. (*post free 5s. 4d.*)

Daily Telegraph: "There is passion as well as melody in 'A Bush Girl's Songs'; and there is thought also—real thought, that underlies the music of the verse and gives the writer something definite to communicate to her readers on the great universal subjects that are the province of true poetry, as distinct from mere verse. One cannot help remarking with pleasure the prevailing note of hopefulness, a sunshiny charm, that is felt throughout all this fresh young writer's work."

PARSIFAL, A Romantic "Mystery"-Drama.

By T. HILHOUSE TAYLOR.

With Preface by J. C. Williamson. Crown 8vo.; cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 3s. 9d.*)

Extract from Preface: ". . . . I thought that in capable hands a play could be written worthy of the grandeur of the subject and its magnificent scenic surroundings. . . . I sought out my old friend, the Rev. T. H. Taylor, for whose literary ability I have great admiration, and endeavoured to interest him in this subject. He took the matter up with enthusiastic zeal and religious fervour, making a deep study of the subject, and not confining himself in any way to Wagner's opera for the material; the result being a play which seems to me to be truly poetic and intensely dramatic."

WINSLOW PLAIN.

By SARAH P. McL. GREENE, Author of "Flood-Tide," "Vesty of the Basins," &c.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, with portrait, 3s. 6d.
(*post free 4s.*).

Daily Telegraph: "It is brimful of actuality set with delicate embroidery of imagination and of humour. It is pervaded by boys prankish, irresistible, genuine."

The Age: "The Studies of New England Life and Character presented to us in 'Winslow Plain' are fresh, vigorous and original."

FLOOD-TIDE.

By SARAH P. McL. GREENE, Author of "Vesty of the Basins," "Winslow Plain," &c.

Cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*).

The Times (MINNEAPOLIS): "For gentle humour that steals away all the cares and worries of living, I can commend this book."

VESTY OF THE BASINS.

By SARAH P. McL. GREENE, Author of "Winslow Plain," "Flood Tide," &c.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*)

THE OLD BUSH SONGS :

Composed and sung in the Bushranging, Digging,
and Overlanding Days.

Collected and edited by A. B. PATERSON, Author
of "The Man from Snowy River," "Rio Grande's
Last Race," &c.

Fifth Thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt,
2s. 6d. (*post free 2s. 9d.*)

For cheaper edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

Daily Telegraph: "Rude and rugged these
old bush songs are, but they carry in their
vigorous lines the very impress of their origin and of
their genuineness. . . . Mr. Paterson has done
his work like an artist."

THE SPIRIT OF THE BUSH FIRE AND OTHER AUSTRALIAN FAIRY TALES.

By J. M. WHITFIELD.

Second Thousand. With 32 illustrations
by G. W. Lambert. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt,
2s. 6d. (*post free 3s.*)

Sydney Morning Herald: "It is frankly written
for the young folks, and the youngster will find a
delight in Miss Whitfeld's marvellous company."

THE ANNOTATED CONSTITUTION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH.

By Sir JOHN QUICK AND R. R. GARRAN, C.M.G.

Royal 8vo., cloth gilt, 21s.

The Times: "The Annotated Constitution of the Australian Commonwealth is a monument of industry. . . . Dr. Quick and Mr. Garran have collected with patience and enthusiasm, every sort of information, legal and historical, which can throw light on the new measure. The book has evidently been a labour of love."

HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGING.

By CHARLES WHITE.

In two vols. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. each (*postage 6d. each*).

For Cheaper Edition see Commonwealth Series, page 2.

Year Book of Australia: "There is 'romance' enough about it to make it of permanent interest as a peculiar and most remarkable stage in our social history."

Queenslander: Mr. White has supplied material enough for twenty such novels as 'Robbery Under Arms.'"

SIMPLE TESTS FOR MINERALS;

Or, Every Man his Own Analyst.

By JOSEPH CAMPBELL, M.A., F.G.S., M.I.M.E.

Fourth edition, revised and enlarged (completing the ninth thousand). With illustrations. Cloth, round corners, 3s. 6d. (*post free 3s. 9d.*).

Bendigo Evening Mail: "Should be in every prospector's kit. It enables any intelligent man to ascertain for himself whether any mineral he may discover has a commercial value."

THE PLANTS OF NEW SOUTH WALES:

An Analytical Key to the Flowering Plants (except Grasses and Rushes) and Ferns of the State, set out in an original method, with a list of native plants discovered since 1893.

By W. A. DIXON, F.I.C., F.C.S.

With Glossary and 49 diagrams. Foolscap 8vo., cloth gilt, 6s. (*post free 6s. 5d.*).

Daily Telegraph (Sydney): "The author has succeeded in bringing his subject within the comprehension of the ordinary observer. In a concise introductory note, Mr. Dixon points out the difficulty of identifying plants by the use of scientific treatises, and substitutes a system based on the use of more easily observed characters."

Sydney Morning Herald: "The book is interesting as well as ingenious. It is a valuable contribution to the botanic literature of Australia."

THE JUSTICES' MANUAL AND POLICE GUIDE:

A synopsis of offences punishable by indictment and on summary conviction, definitions of crimes, meanings of legal phrases, hints on evidence, procedure, police duties, &c.

Compiled by DANIEL STEPHEN, Senior Sergeant of Police.

Second Edition, revised in accordance with State and Federal Enactments to the end of 1905, and enlarged by the inclusion of a concise summary of Commercial Law. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 6s. (*post free 6s. 6d.*)

Sydney Morning Herald: "Justices of the peace and others concerned in the administration of the law will find the value of this admirably arranged work."

Town and Country Journal: "The author has put together a vast amount of useful and generally practical information, likely to be interesting, as well as valuable, to justices of the peace, policemen, and all others concerned in the administration of the law."

Sydney Mail: "A well got up handbook that should prove of decided value to a large section of the community. . . . Primarily intended for justices of the peace and policemen, it is so handily arranged, so concise, and so comprehensive, that it should appeal to everyone who wants to know just how he stands in regard to the law of the land."

Sydney Wool and Stock Journal: "The book practically makes every man his own lawyer, and enables him to see at a glance what the law is upon any given point, and will save more than its cost at the first consultation."

THE LAW OF LANDLORD AND TENANT IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By J. H. HAMMOND, B.A., LL.B., and C. G. W.
DAVIDSON, B.A., LL.B., Barristers-at-Law.

Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, 25s. (*post free*
25s. 10d.) *[Just published.*

THE LAND AND INCOME TAX LAW OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

By M. M. D'ARCY IRVINE, B.A., Solicitor of the
Supreme Court.

Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, 42s. (*post free 43s.*)

The Sydney Morning Herald: "We have here a complete review of the direct taxation scheme of the State for the last ten years; an authoritative review which gives the law itself and its interpretation. . . . Mr. D'Arcy-Irvine does not inflict upon us the long descriptions of the road to a decision which some judges find it necessary or expedient to make. He gives us the decision, the one important matter, and little else."

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION COOKERY BOOK.

Ninth Edition, enlarged, completing the
75th Thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.
(*post free 1s. 3d.*).

HISTORY OF AUSTRALASIA.

From the Earliest Times to the Inauguration of the Commonwealth.

By ARTHUR W. JOSE, Author of "The Growth of the Empire." The chapter on Federation revised by R. R. Garran, C.M.G.

Second edition, revised and enlarged, completing the twelfth thousand. With 6 maps and 64 portraits and illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. ; paper cover, 1s. (*postage 4d.*)

The Book Lover: "The ignorance of the average Australian youth about the brief history of his native land is often deplorable. . . . 'A Short History of Australasia,' by Arthur W. Jose, just provides the thing wanted. Mr. Jose's previous historical work was most favourably received in England, and this story of our land is capitally done. It is not too long, and it is brightly written. Its value is considerably enhanced by the useful maps and interesting illustrations."

Victorian Education Gazette: "The language is graphic and simple, and there is much evidence of careful work and acquaintance with original documents, which give the reader confidence in the accuracy of the details. The low price of the book leaves young Australia no excuse for remaining in ignorance of the history of their native land."

Town and Country Journal: "The language is graphic and simple, and he has maintained the unity and continuity of the story of events despite the necessity of following the subject along the seven branches corresponding with the seven separate colonies."

THE GROWTH OF THE EMPIRE.

A Handbook to the History of Greater Britain.

By ARTHUR W. JOSE, Author of "A Short History of Australasia."

Second edition. With 14 Maps. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 5s. (*post free 5s. 6d.*)

Morning Post: "This book is published in Sydney, but it deserves to be circulated throughout the United Kingdom. The picture of the fashion in which British enterprise made its way from settlement to settlement has never been drawn more vividly than in these pages. Mr. Jose's style is crisp and pleasant, now and then even rising to eloquence on his grand theme. His book deserves wide popularity, and it has the rare merit of being so written as to be attractive alike to the young student and to the mature man of letters."

Literature: "He has studied thoroughly, and writes vigorously. . . . Admirably done. . . . We commend it to Britons the world over."

Saturday Review: "He writes Imperially; he also often writes sympathetically. . . . We cannot close Mr. Jose's creditable account of our misdoings without a glow of national pride."

Yorkshire Post: "A brighter short history we do not know, and this book deserves for the matter and the manner of it to be as well known as Mr. McCarthy's 'History of Our Own Times.'"

The Scotsman: "This admirable work is a solid octavo of more than 400 pages. It is a thoughtful, well written, and well-arranged history. There are fourteen excellent maps to illustrate the text."

London: John Murray.

THE GEOLOGY OF SYDNEY AND THE BLUE MOUNTAINS.

**A Popular Introduction to the Study of Australian
Geology.**

By **REV. J. MILNE CURRAN**, late Lecturer in
Chemistry and Geology, Technical College, Sydney.

Second edition. With a Glossary of Scientific Terms, a Reference List of commonly-occurring Fossils, 2 coloured maps, and 83 illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 6s. (*post free 6s. 6d.*)

Nature: "This is, strictly speaking, an elementary manual of geology. The general plan of the work is good; the book is well printed and illustrated with maps, photographic pictures of rock structure and scenery, and figures of fossils and rock sections."

ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY,

Practical and Theoretical.

By **C. GODFREY, M.A.**, and **A. W. SIDDONS, M.A.**

Complete edition (Books I.-IV.), crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 4s.*). Vol. I. (Books I. and II.), 2s. Vol. II. (Books III. and IV.), 2s. (*postage 3d.*). Answers in separate volume, price 4d. (*post free 5d.*) Key, 6s. (*post free 6s. 3d.*)

THE MAKING OF SHAKESPEARE, AND OTHER PAPERS.

By HENRY GULLETT, President of the Shakespeare Society of New South Wales.

Demy 8vo., 2s. 6d. (*post free, 2s. 8d.*)

CALENDAR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

Demy 8vo., linen, 2s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.
(*postage 8d.*)

[*Published annually, in May.*]

MANUAL OF PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS HELD BY THE UNIVERSITY OF SYDNEY.

Demy 8vo., paper cover, 1s. (*post free 1s. 3d.*)

[*Published annually, in August, and dated the year following that in which it is issued.*]

ASPECTS OF COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN EUROPE.

Being a Report presented to the Hon. the Chancellor and Senate of the University of Sydney.

By E. R. HOLME, B.A., Lecturer in English.

Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. (*post free 2s. 9d.*)

TABLES FOR QUALITATIVE CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

Arranged for the use of Students by A. LIVERSIDGE,
M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in the
University of Sydney.

Second edition, Royal 8vo., cloth gilt, 4s. 6d
(*post free 4s. 9d.*).

Chemical News : " Altogether the book is a useful, thoroughly workable text-book, and one that is likely to find considerable favour with teachers of Chemistry. There is a complete index, and the price is very reasonable."

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE INFINITESIMAL CALCULUS.

By H. S. CARSLAW, M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.,
Professor of Mathematics in the University of Sydney.

Demy 8vo., cloth gilt, 5s. (*post free 5s. 3d.*)

The Times : " Concise lucidity is the key-note of the book. . . . Professor Carslaw may be congratulated upon having produced an admirable book, which should be useful to young engineers and science students, both during and after their college courses."

ABRIDGED MATHEMATICAL TABLES.

By S. H. BARRACLOUGH, B.E., M.M.E., Assoc.
M. Inst. C.E.

Demy 8vo., cloth, 1s. (*post free 1s. 1d.*)
Logarithms, &c., published separately, price
6d. (*post free 7d.*).

ENGLISH GRAMMAR, COMPOSITION, AND PRÉCIS WRITING.

For Use by Candidates for University and Public Service Examinations.

By **JAMES CONWAY**, Headmaster at Cleveland-street Superior Public School, Sydney.

Prescribed by the Department of Public Instruction, N.S.W., for First and Second Class Teachers' Certificate Examinations. New edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 3s. 10d.*).

A SMALLER ENGLISH GRAMMAR, COMPOSITION, AND PRÉCIS WRITING.

By **JAMES CONWAY**.

Prescribed by the Department of Public Instruction, N. S. W., for Third Class Teachers' Examinations. New edition, revised and enlarged. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. (*post free 1s. 9d.*).

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "The abridgment is very well done. One recognises the hand of a man who has had long experience of the difficulties of this subject."

CAUSERIES FAMILIÈRES ; OR FRIENDLY CHATS.

A Simple and Deductive French Course.

By MRS. S. C. BOYD.

Second Edition, revised and enlarged, containing grammatical summaries, exercises, a full treatise on pronunciation, French-English and English-French Vocabulary, and other matter for the use of the teacher or of a student without a master. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 3s. 10d.*).

Abridged Edition for Pupils. Prescribed for Applicant Pupil Teachers' Examination. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. (*post free 1s. 8d.*).

The London Spectator: "A most excellent and practical little volume, evidently the work of a trained teacher. It combines admirably and in an entertaining form the advantages of the conversational with those of the grammatical method of learning a language."

GEOGRAPHY OF NEW SOUTH WALES. By J. M. TAYLOR, M.A., LL.B.

New Edition, revised. With 37 illustrations and 6 folding maps. Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d. (*post free 3s. 10d.*).

Sydney Morning Herald: "Something more than a school book; it is an approach to an ideal geography."

Review of Reviews: "It makes a very attractive handbook. Its geography is up-to-date; it is not overburdened with details, and it is richly illustrated with geological diagrams and photographs of scenery reproduced with happy skill."

THE AUSTRALIAN OBJECT LESSON BOOK.

Part I.—For Infant and Junior Classes.
Second Edition, with 43 illustrations.
Crown 8vo., cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; paper
cover, 2s. 6d. (*postage, 4d.*)

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "Mr. Wiley has wisely adopted the plan of utilising the services of specialists. The series is remarkably complete, and includes almost everything with which the little learners ought to be made familiar. Throughout the whole series the lessons have been selected with judgment and with a due appreciation of the capacity of the pupils for whose use they are intended."

THE AUSTRALIAN OBJECT LESSON BOOK.

Part II.—For advanced classes. Second
Edition, with 113 illustrations. Crown 8vo.,
cloth gilt, 3s. 6d.; paper cover, 2s. 6d.
(*postage 4d.*).

Victorian Education Gazette: "Mr. Wiley and his colleagues have provided a storehouse of useful information on a great number of topics that can be taken up in any Australian school."

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "The Australian Object Lesson Book is evidently the result of infinite patience and deep research on the part of its compiler, who is also to be commended for the admirable arrangement of his matter."

CIVICS AND MORALS.

By PERCIVAL R. COLE, M.A., Frazer Scholar in Modern History, University Medallist in Logic and Mental Philosophy, late Lecturer in the Training College, Fort-street, Sydney.

Second Edition, revised and enlarged.
Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s (*post free 2s. 3d.*).
Also in two Parts:—Part I.—Classes I. and II.; Part II.—Classes III., IV. and V.; cloth, 1s. each (*post free 1s. 2d. each*).

The N.S.W. Educational Gazette: “ In our issue of March, 1905, we announced with approval the appearance of the first edition of this useful and practical work and anticipated a wide appreciation on the part of our teachers. The issue of a new edition within seven months of the original publication amply verifies this prediction. . . . We note the addition of supplementary lessons on Simple Proverbs, Vote by Ballot, the State Government of New South Wales, and the Federal Government of Australia. There can be no doubt that a book which so closely interprets the spirit of the New Syllabus will find a place in every Public School in this State.”

COMMERCIAL ARITHMETIC.

By G. E. DENCH, B.A.

Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d. (*post free 2s. 10d.*)

SOLUTIONS OF TEACHERS' ALGEBRA PAPERS.

Set at 1st and 2nd Class Teachers' Examinations from 1894 to 1901 (inclusive), by W. L. ATKINS, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

SOLUTIONS OF TEACHERS' ARITHMETIC PAPERS.

Set at 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class Teachers' Examinations from 1894 to 1901 (inclusive), by J. M. TAYLOR, M.A., LL.B. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "Both may be at once pronounced indispensable to teachers preparing for any of these grades. The solutions throughout are neat, clear, and concise, and will show intending candidates not only how to obtain the desired results, but how to do so in a manner calculated to secure full marks from the examiners."

GUIDE TO THE MUSICAL EXAMINATIONS.

Held by the N.S.W. Department of Public Instruction for Teachers and Pupil Teachers in all grades. By G. T. COTTERILL, Headmaster at Paddington Superior Public School.

Part I. The papers set in 1898, 1899, and 1900, and Answers thereto. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. (*post free 2s. 2d.*). Part II. The Papers set in 1901, and Answers thereto. Crown 8vo., sewn, 1s. (*post free 1s. 1d.*).

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "We would earnestly urge upon teachers and pupil teachers intending to sit for examination the wisdom of mastering the principles so clearly enunciated in these valuable textbooks."

A NEW BOOK OF SONGS FOR SCHOOLS AND SINGING CLASSES.

By HUGO ALPEN, Superintendent of Music,
Department of Public Instruction, New South Wales.

8vo., paper cover. 1s. (*post free 1s. 2d.*).

THE AUSTRALIAN PROGRESSIVE SONGSTER.

By S. McBURNEY, Mus. Doc., Fellow T.S.F. College.

Containing graded Songs, Rounds and Exercises in Staff Notation, Tonic Sol-fa and Numerals, with Musical Theory. Price, 6d. each part; combined, 1s. (*postage 1d. each part*).

No. 1.—For Junior Classes.

No. 2.—For Senior Classes.

AUSTRALIAN SONGS FOR AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN.

By MRS. MAYBANKE ANDERSON.

All the songs are set to music, while to some of them appropriate calisthenic exercises are given. Demy 4to, picture cover, 1s (*post free 1s. 1d.*)

PUPILS' TEXT BOOKS.

GEOGRAPHY OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

With Definitions of Geographical Terms.

Revised Edition, with 8 maps and 19 illustrations.
64 pages. 6d. (*post free 7d.*)

GEOGRAPHY OF EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AND AMERICA.

Revised Edition, with 18 relief and other maps, and
17 illustrations of transcontinental views, distribution
of animals, &c. 88 pages. 6d. (*post free 7d.*)

GEOGRAPHY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

With five folding maps. 48 pages. 6d. (*post free 7d.*)

GEOGRAPHY OF AFRICA.

With five maps in relief, &c. 64 pages. 6d. (*post free 7d.*)

ELEMENTARY PRACTICAL GEOMETRY.

For Classes II. and III. With Diagrams. Price 2d.

For Classes IV. and V. With Diagrams. Price 4d.

GEOMETRY, PRACTICAL AND THEORETICAL

Books I. and II. Price 6d. each.

THE COMMONWEALTH SCHOOL PAPER.

Issued at the beginning of each month in four numbers.
(Classes I. and II.—III.—IV.—V. and VI.) Price
1d. each.

THE METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, AND DECIMAL COINAGE.

By J. M. TAYLOR, M.A., LL.B.

With Introductory Notes on the nature of Decimals, and contracted methods for the Multiplication and Division of Decimals. Crown 8vo., 6d. (*post free 7d.*). ANSWERS, 6d.

N.S.W. Educational Gazette: "A masterly and elaborate treatise for the use of schools on a subject of world-wide interest and importance. . . . In commercial life a knowledge of the metric system has been for some years essential, and it is, therefore, fitting that its underlying principles should be taught in our schools concurrently with reduction, and practised systematically in the more advanced grades. For this purpose the book is unquestionably the best we have seen."

THE AUSTRALASIAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL SERIES.

History of Australia and New Zealand for Catholic Schools, 128 pages. 4d

Pupil's Companion to the Australian Catholic First Reader, 32 pages. 1d.

Pupil's Companion to the Australian Catholic Second Reader, 64 pages. 2d.

Pupil's Companion to the Australian Catholic Third Reader, 112 pages. 3d.

Pupil's Companion to the Australian Catholic Fourth Reader, 160 pages. 4d.

AUSTRALIAN SCHOOL SERIES.

- Grammar and Derivation Book.** 64 pages. 2d.
- Test Exercises in Grammar for 3rd Class, 1st Year.** 64 pages. 2d. **2nd Year.** 64 pages. 2d.
- Table Book and Mental Arithmetic.** 48 pages, 1d.
- Chief Events and Dates in English History. Part I.** From 55 B.C. to 1485 A.D. 50 pages. 2d.
- Chief Events and Dates in English History. Part II.** From Henry VII. (1485) to Victoria (1900). 64 pages. 2d.
- History of Australia.** 80 pages. 4d. Illustrated.
- Geography. Part I.** Australasia and Polynesia. 64 pages. 2d.
- Geography. Part II.** Europe, Asia, America, and Africa. 66 pages. 2d.
- Euclid. Book I.** With Definitions, Postulates, Axioms, &c. 64 pages. 2d.
- Euclid. Book II.** With Definitions and Exercises on Books I. and II. 32 pages. 2d.
- Euclid. Book III.** With University "Junior" Papers 1891-1897. 60 pages. 2d.
- Arithmetic and Practical Geometry—Exercises for Class II.** 50 pages. 3d.
- Arithmetic—Exercises for Class III.** 50 pages. 3d.
- Arithmetic—Exercises for Class IV.** 50 pages. 3d.
- Arithmetic and Mensuration—Exercises for Class V.** With the Arithmetic Papers set at the Sydney University Junior, the Public Service, the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, and the Bankers' Institute Examinations, &c. (*New Edition in the press.*)
- Algebra. Part I.** 64 pages. 4d. **Answers, 4d.**
- Algebra. Part II.** To Quadratic Equations. Contains over twelve hundred Exercises, including the University Junior, the Public Service, the Sydney Chamber of Commerce, and the Bankers' Institute Examination Papers to 1900, &c. 112 pages. 4d. **Answers, 4d.**

THE AUSTRALIAN COPY BOOK.

Approved by the Departments of Public Instruction in New South Wales, Queensland and Tasmania, by the Public Service Board of New South Wales, and by the Chief Inspector of Catholic Schools. In 10 carefully graded numbers, and a book of Plain and Ornamental Lettering, Mapping, &c. (No. 11). Price, 2d. each. Numerals are given in each number.

A.C.B. Blotter (fits all sizes), 1d.

THE AUSTRALIAN PUPIL TEACHERS' COPY BOOK.


A selection of pages from the Australian Copy Book, arranged for use of Pupil Teachers. 48 pages. Price, 6d.

CHAMBERS'S GOVERNMENT HAND COPY BOOKS.

Approved by the Department of Public Instruction. In 12 carefully graded numbers and a book for Pupil Teachers (No. 13). Price, 2d. each.

The Letters are continuously joined to each other, so that the pupil need not lift the pen from the beginning to the end of each word. The Spaces between the letters are wide, each letter thus standing out boldly and distinctly by itself. The Slope is gentle, but sufficient to prevent the pupil from acquiring a back hand. The Curves are well rounded, checking the tendency to too great angularity. The Writing is not cramped and confined, plenty of space being allowed for each word. The Words are spaced by perpendicular lines, and the lengths of the letters are indicated by horizontal lines in the early numbers of the series.

ANGUS AND ROBERTSON'S PENCIL COPY BOOK.

Approved by the N.S.W. Department of Public Instruction. In nine numbers. 1d. each. 

No. 1, Initiatory lines, curves, letters, figures; 2 and 3, Short letters, easy combinations, figures; 4, Long letters, short words, figures; 5, Long letters, words, figures; 6, 7, and 8, Capitals, words, figures; 9, Short sentences, figures.

THE AUSTRALIAN LETTERING BOOK.

Containing the Alphabets most useful in Mapping, Exercise Headings, &c., with practical applications, Easy Scrolls, Flourishes, Borders, Corners, Rulings, &c. New Edition, revised and enlarged, cloth limp, 6d. (*post free 7d.*).

New Educational Books in Preparation.

BRUSHWORK FROM NATURE, With Design.

By J. E. BRANCH, Superintendent of Drawing, N.S.W. Department of Public Instruction.

With about Twenty Full-sized Coloured Plates, illustrating Methods and Examples of Students' and Pupils' Work. *[In the Press.]*

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE GARDEN, FARM, AND ORCHARD.

By C. T. MUSSON, F.L.S., Science Master, Hawkesbury Agricultural College. *[In preparation.]*

